

THE American Girl

DECEMBER 1949

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VOLUME XXXII

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NUMBER XII



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Christmas in Carthage

"My name," she announced with pride, "is Bianca Guadalupe Marita Francesca Rosalita Malenche Quiroso"

by NAN GILBERT

Ann learns how to lift the voice and finds that the resulting glow is definitely in the stomach

ANN CAMERON first saw Bianca on the November day when the little Mexican girl enrolled at Carthage Junior High. Foreigners were a rarity in this small Iowa town, so all the students stared when the principal brought the new girl into the study hall. Bianca stared right back, a wide friendly smile flashing white in her brown face.

The principal looked stunned, like a man who had been too near a volcano when it erupted. He whispered to Miss Peterson, who was in charge of study hall, and left so fast he reminded Ann of Eliza fleeing before the bloodhounds. But surely there was nothing about an undersized little girl in exotic, foreign clothes to scare a grown man, was there?

Miss Peterson picked up her pencil and asked, "Your name, please?"

The girl drew a deep breath. "Bianca Guadalupe Marita Francesca Rosalita Malenche Quiroso," she announced proudly, and laughed without self-consciousness at the teacher's startled expression. "It is what you call the mouthful, no? I am named for three saints, two grandmothers, and one rich granduncle. But do you know, he sent not even one centavo, to acknowledge that I, his name child and the first in my family, had arrived?"

"Uh—yes—will you repeat your name?" faltered Miss Peterson, looking as though she'd stumbled onto the same volcano that had unnerved the principal. A snicker welled up from the front row of students. Bianca's smile widened in friendly response as she again rattled off the list of her names. The snickers swelled into a tremendous roar. For still another long



moment Miss Peterson continued to sit as if dazed; then she straightened her shoulders and stood up.

"Quiet, please!" she ordered. "Bianca, please take that vacant seat in the last row for this period."

Bianca came beaming down the aisle, her full ankle-length skirt brushing loose papers from desks as she passed.

As she sat down across from Ann, she whispered excitedly, "Oh, the beautiful desk! We have no desks at my

school. Like parrots we sit on benches around the teacher. My name is Bianca Guadalupe Marita—and yours?"

"Ann Cameron," Ann whispered hurriedly, her cheeks red with embarrassment. Ann, who blushed when anyone even looked in her direction, writhed under the knowledge that the laughing eyes of everyone in the study hall were directed at her and Bianca, waiting for something to happen.

"Ann? No more to it than that?" puzzled Bianca. "It is a pretty name. But had you no grandmothers nor granduncles? Well, no matter. In spite of my name like my granduncle, my papa has to work like any papas without rich granduncles. Up in Minnesota we have worked all summer at the canneries, my mamma, my papa, and my brothers. Because of the new baby, Benito, we do not go on yet to Texas where is our home till my mamma is more strong and can hitch the ride."

"We must be quiet now," poor Ann whispered desperately in embarrassment. "Here, why don't you look over these books of mine till you get your own? And I'll give you some paper and a pencil."

"Oh, *gracias!* Thank you!" Bianca glowed. "Already you

"You're just not used to new ideas.
If you don't grab it, you're a dope!"



her my good friend, for friendship is giving! So now I, too, rt el!" And she dived into a pocket in the many folds of her and brought out a tiny carved figure.

See, it is a little Madonna with her wee small babe! Is it sweet? Take it; it is yours. My papa makes them in the evenings at home. Always he is busy with his knife. My mamma says if he had no bit of wood to fashion, he would carve the roof over our heads, and we would find ourselves sleeping beneath holy figures, with raindrops, like as not, dripping through their halos!"

With wild relief Ann welcomed the bell that meant she could escape to class. She felt a little like Eliza herself as she did. Such an experience! Would every study-hall hour be as bad as this one, from now on?

VERY study-hall hour! Before the week was out, Ann would have felt lucky if association with Bianca could have been limited to the study hall. For Bianca, with her wide trusting smile, her never-ending chatter, her joyous assurance that Ann was her friend, attached herself tighter than adhesive tape. She was an incubus. A barnacle. An albatross, Ann thought desperately, for they were studying about the Ancient Mariner in literature, and now she knew exactly how the poor man felt, doomed to carry that huge bird around his neck for evermore. But what could she do? She was too kindhearted to be rude. She couldn't turn her back on a strange girl so far from home, to tell her to go bother somebody else. Yet she winced whenever she saw Bianca running to meet her in the morning.

"Oh, Ann, here you are," she would cry. "See what I bring for you!" Once it was a tortilla, kept carefully warm in layers of newspaper, and once it was the same thin sort of pancake fried around a peppery mixture that stung Ann's throat and made her whoop and strangle when she tried to gulp it hurriedly before anybody saw her.

"An enchilada. Is it not good?" Bianca beamed, patting Ann's back. "Tomorrow I bring you a tamale cooked in your own Iowa cornhusk!"

And her cheerful comments, which were meant to be en-

couraging, were as embarrassing as her gifts. Like the day in Assembly when she asked, "Why do you not sing louder, Ann? Such a sweet voice you have but no bigger than a bird cheep! Lift it, Ann, see? Like me."

Yes, definitely Bianca was Ann's albatross. Everywhere Ann went, there was Bianca. And everywhere Bianca went, a trail of giggles followed.

"So gay, laughter, is it not?" Bianca would say contentedly while poor Ann's ears burned. "Why do you not laugh more, Ann? Laughter makes the warm happiness that one feels in the center of the stomach!"

"Of the heart," Ann corrected automatically.

Bianca shook her head vigorously. "Too much is made of the heart, I think. It is the stomach that has the feelings. Does it not push up the laughter? And shake with the sobs? And growl with the hunger? While the stupid heart but opens and closes like an oyster! No, the glow, it is in the stomach! What do we do after school tonight, Ann? Will you take me to your big stores that I may buy little gifts for my mamma and my papa and my brothers?"

Ann winced anew at the thought of piloting the audible Bianca through the stores.

"I have to go to a class meeting, Bianca," she said hurriedly, though till that moment she hadn't planned to attend. Since nobody had ever asked Ann's opinion in class meeting, and certainly she had never dared offer one, there really wasn't much reason for being present.

"Class meeting!" Bianca thrilled happily. "But I am of the class, am I not, Ann, so I must go, too! Is it all right that I go with you, Ann? So you explain all that I ask?"

Ann gave a big though silent sigh and mentally heaved the albatross to a more comfortable position between her shoulder blades.

"Okay, Bianca," she agreed. "Four o'clock."

The meeting was held in the gym. Dick Wheeler, freshman class president and object of Ann's secret hero worship, presided casually.

"Guess you all know what this meeting's about. It's our turn to decorate the gym for the Christmas party next week, so we have to decide what to do."

"Christmas party? Ahhh, I love Christmas!" exclaimed Bianca.

"Shhh!" begged Ann.

Dick went on. "I suppose we want the usual Christmas tree in the middle of the floor and crepe-paper dinguses hanging from the balcony, and evergreen boughs—"

"If you've got it all figured out," a boy called out dryly, "what're we here for?"

Dick bristled. "Got any better ideas? Isn't Christmas always a tree and a guy in a Santa Claus suit and Schumann-Heink on the phonograph?"

Bianca had been giggling about in growing excitement that suddenly propelled her to her feet. "In my town there is no Santa nor shoes on the phonograph," she burst out eagerly, "but oh, the fiesta we make! For nine days before Christmas!"

Ann tugged at her skirt in dismay. "Bianca, shhh!"

"Each night, we make the *posada*," Bianca rushed on, undeterred, "that is, the procession to the inn where Mary and Joseph begged shelter, with candles and singing, all lovely and solemn! And afterwards, there is no more of the solemn, but much merriment, for then comes the *pinata*! The *pinata*, you understand, is a big, big jar dressed like the clown, or the rooster, or the fat lady—what you like." She shrugged her expressive shoulders. "Stuffed with gifts it is, and hung from the ceiling, and someone must have the eyes blinded and be spun till he knows not right from left nor up from down. Then three whacks he take at the air with his broomstick, and if he strikes the *pinata*—*crack!*—down spill gifts like the (Continued on page 36)

Illustrated by Paul Burns



Polonaise (Militaire)

à M^r. J. FONTANA.

F. CHOPIN. Op. 40, N



by ELEANOR HOFFMAN

Illustrated by Herbert Saslow

**A Christmas short short, based on a true story
about Ignace Paderewski. It happened in 1912...**

Now, look here, Peg," argued Mr. Morphy, glaring at his daughter over the empty piano stool in his California moving-picture house. "You know as well as I do that we can't run the picture in complete silence. If Joe Nellis isn't here to play tonight, he's through!"

Anger flooded over the girl, stifling the delight she had taken in the Christmas gift her father had just given her. There was a new suit with a tight, ankle-length skirt and also white spats to wear with her French-heeled, pointed, black patent-leather pumps—all high style in that year of 1912. Even though it would be strange to run off the film without Joe's changing music cleverly setting the mood, Pa could be a little more understanding. What was making him so mean all of a sudden?

She yanked at the stiff, black bow in her high pompadour as she began, "But, Pa—"

"Joe isn't the kind to quit for nothing," Mrs. Morphy cut in briskly. "He—"

"Here he is now," Peggy cried in relief, as the door at the end of the hall opened, letting in a roar of winter wind and rain.

"About time!" snapped Mr. Morphy as a tall, thin, seventeen year old boy walked slowly down the aisle.

Mrs. Morphy took one look at his heavy eyes and flaming cheeks and exclaimed, "Joe Nellis, you ought to be in bed! You're sick!"

"Bet you weren't too sick to go for one of those free lessons at that Polish fellow's ranch!" snorted Mr. Morphy.

"Pa!" Peggy's voice was full of outrage. "Ignace Jan Paderewski! The greatest living pianist! And you call him that Polish fellow!"

"What's got into you, Pa!" Mrs. Morphy protested. "You know you're always pleased when the audience whispers, 'Here's Paddy! What have you against him all of a sudden?'"

"Don't like the way he's putting big ideas into the heads of young fellows like Joe Nellis. Come along, Ma. And don't you forget, young fellow, the next time that stool's empty, you're through! You come too, Peggy."

As the door closed behind the Morphys, Joe turned to Peggy. "Tell me the truth," he begged. "Do you think I'm getting swelled head because Paderewski gives me lessons?"

"Oh, Joe, what a question! Of course not!"

"You know how grateful I am. You know I can never forget I isn't giving lessons to me but to the music that's in me—"

A cough choked off his words, and Peggy laid a hand on his.

"Joe, you're burning with fever! Go on home to bed, please!"

"You know I can't! Your father meant what he said!"

"Well at least stay in bed tomorrow till it's time to come here. Perhaps I could get Gerald Cox to take your place."

"I asked him yesterday, and he refused."

"He did! Why?"

"He said a real musician couldn't lower himself to play in moving-picture house!"

"Peggy!" Her father called impatiently.

"Coming, Pa! Don't forget Joe, stay in bed tomorrow, and Ma or I'll be over."

By LATE afternoon of the following day, the storm, no respect of Christmas Eve, had doubled its fury. Inside the hall Peggy miserably worried about Joe, was tacking up wreaths of pine and holly when the door opened, startling her so that she dropped her hammer.

"Ma! I hoped it was Gerald! I sent for him. What did Dr. Simpson say?"

"Just what we thought. Flu!"

"Oh Ma, what are we going to do!"

"I don't know, Peg. But don't be too hard on your father. He's never been sick a day in his life, and he doesn't understand. He's trying so desperately to make this new venture a success and he's had so many worries lately, his nerves—"

"Hello, Peg," a voice called from the other end of the hall.

"Thank goodness, here's Gerald!"

Silently she waited as he swaggered down the aisle, sure of his strength and good looks.

"Merry Christmas, kiddo." He gave her cheek a pat and sniffed the spicy greens. "You look as pretty as a bunch of holly yourself. But not as prickly, I hope!"

"Not prickly at all, because I have a favor to ask of you, Gerald."

"Granted," he answered promptly.

"Joe Nellis is sick in bed. Pa has threatened to fire Joe if he doesn't show up, and—"



"And I'm to take his place," Gerald finished for her coldly.

"That's the favor," begged Peggy.

"Sorry, Peg, nothing doing."

"Oh Gerald, why not? If Joe loses this job, he won't be able to stay in Paso Robles! He'll have to give up his lessons with Paderewski!"

"Paderewski isn't the only teacher in the world."

"Gerald Cox, you're jealous!"

"Don't be silly!"

She turned on him furiously. "I suppose you don't care if Joe loses his job!"

He shrugged. "It's not my business."

Peggy's cheeks flamed. "I suppose you don't care if I think you're the most conceited, cruel, poisonous person I know!"

Before she had finished, Gerald had picked up his hat and coat. "If that's the way you feel, good night!"

As the door slammed behind him, Peggy's rage changed to tears. She was still crying when Mrs. Morphy returned to turn up the lights for the show.

"Peggy, honey, don't cry," comforted her mother. "Folks are beginning to come!"

"Evening, folks," she heard her father saying. "Evening, Mrs. Fisk. Evening Margie Ann. Quite a rain we're having."

"Evenin', Mr. Morphy. Came mighty nigh gettin' stalled right in the middle of town!" Mrs. Fisk shrieked, shaking the rain from her clothes like a spaniel.

"Myrtle's right," added Mr. Fisk, "Water right up over the runnin' board!"

"All I can say," warned Mrs. Fisk as her husband pulled her out of her coat, "is that the picture better be good after all we've been through gettin' here!"

"Don't worry, folks," soothed Mr. Morphy, "it's a humdinger!"

"I like to hear that young feller poundin' the piano right through the thick of it—fast on the chasin', low for danger, soft in the teary parts—puts me in the mood." Mrs. Fisk sent a questioning look toward the empty piano stool. "Hope he ain't goin' to be late!"

"Never coulda drug Ma or Margie Ann out on a night like this just for the picture alone," added her husband.

While the Fisk family were still chattering, Mr. Morphy came down to the piano where Peggy and her mother waited anxiously.

"You see, Peggy!" His genial tone had changed. "You heard for yourself how folks feel about music with the show. Where's your friend Joe?"

"Joe's sick, Pa, sick in bed! Tell them; they'll understand!"

Her father shook his head. "I can't afford to disappoint them, Peg."

Stubbornly Peggy continued to plead, "Just try, Pa! Please! This town is proud of Joe. Just explain that he's sick."

Without answering Mr. Morphy rapped against the piano for attention.

"Good evening, folks," he began. "Sorry to have a little disappointment for you. There isn't going to be any piano playing to-night—"

"No piano! No music!" Indignant mutters went through the crowd.

"Sorry," continued their host, "the piano player let me down! But I'm firing him! Going to get a new one I can count on! But you will like the show tonight—even without the music! Best 'horse opera' Hollywood ever made—'The Masked Riders of Deadman's Gulch'."

Desperately Peggy looked at her mother. As her father took his place behind the projector, the machine began to grind and the lights were lowered. From the audience came angry exclamations.

"No music! Christmas Eve! Out in all this rain!"

Out of the storm and the night people were still coming in. Suddenly Mrs. Fisk's shrill voice rose to such a pitch of excitement that everyone turned to listen.

"Pa, look! Look, Margie Ann! Quick, before the lights go out! Isn't that the Polish piano player, coming down the aisle in his long cape?"

Then the hall was in darkness, the picture about to begin.

Suddenly, instead of the expected silence, a great crash of powerful chords filled the hall. Music such as this audience had never heard before surged out of the darkness. Chopin's "Polonaise Militaire" in all its dramatic fury, played as only one pianist in all the world could play it, accompanied "The Masked Riders of Deadman's Gulch."

UNDER a sky as blue as harebells and a sun bright as new gold, Peggy knocked at Joe's shack the next morning. She found him listlessly making coffee.

"Merry Christmas, Joe. Merry, merry, Christmas and the most wonderful news!"

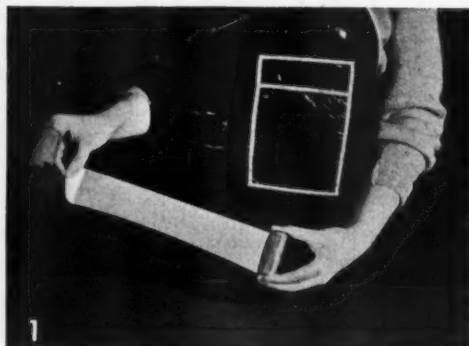
His answer was a dull, "Hello, Peggy. What's so wonderful? I'm fired."

(Continued on page 37)

FINISHING

SCHOOL

by ADRIAN TER LOUW



1. In darkness, unroll protective paper backing from film, tear off paper tab and attach clips to the ends of film. Handle film by its edges and don't let it curl up

2. Holding one clip in each hand, let film bend in a "U" and, emulsion-side down, pass film slowly back and forth through water for a minute. Film is then moved through developer, water, and fixing bath

3: After fixation, film is washed for at least 30 minutes in gently running water. If it runs too fast, film may get scratched

4. Next, film must be hung to dry in warm, dust-free room. Remove large droplets with bit of cotton or photo sponge. End clip keeps film properly weighted

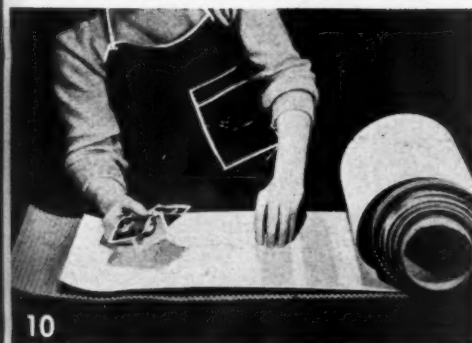
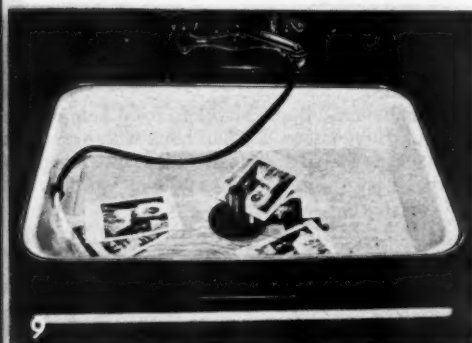
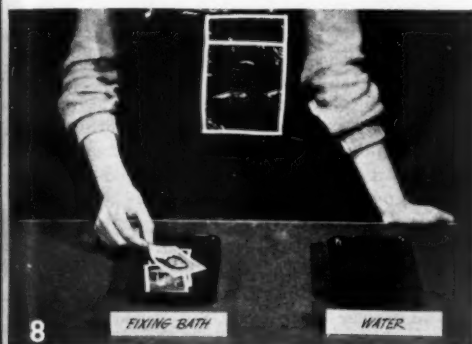


5. After film is thoroughly dry, cut apart negatives, handling them by the edges to avoid finger prints. Until ready to print, keep good negatives in a special file, or the type pictured here, or in envelope

6. To make prints, you may use a contact printing frame like this, placing negative in frame, shiny side toward glass; other side against photographic contact printing paper. Close frame, and expose glass side about 9 seconds to a 40 watt bulb at 8 inches. A metal printing box may also be used in much the same general manner

7. Now slide print into pan of developer rocking tray gently to make sure liquid covers the paper completely. If properly exposed, print develops in 45-60 seconds

Developing and printing your own snapshots makes photography a better-than-ever hobby!



8. After development, rinse prints quickly in water, then agitate them thoroughly in fixing bath for 5 or 10 minutes. You will find that, on the average, one quart of fixing bath serves about 200 small prints

9. Wash prints for 1 hour in fast-running water, but avoid letting stream strike prints directly or paper structure may be broken. So that they will not stick together, prints must be shifted often

10. Next, prints must be dried. Suspend by one corner for a few seconds to drain off excess moisture. Then, lay on a clean towel or photo blotter roll, as in photo. When prints are flat and dry, trim the margins to uniform width and mount in an album, arranging them in logical order

It's fun to take pictures, but it's even more fun to finish them. Right at home—in the kitchen, your own room, or the bathroom—you can match the experts, become the heroine of the hypo, and develop and print your films by following a few simple rules.

There are plenty of reasons why you should, too. You will discover that you'll be able to see results more quickly, improve the composition and arrangement of your snapshots, print your own photographic Christmas cards, and perhaps even pick up some pin money with your newly acquired picture-processing ability from time to time.

As a basis for operations, here's a list of the essential equipment you'll need. It includes three enamel or hard-rubber trays; a printing frame or box; a "safelight" with red and yellow filters; a package of No. 2 contrast contact printing paper; two film clips; and some packets of developer and fixing bath. You can buy these separately if you wish, or you'll find your dealer can offer you a complete developing and printing kit, containing these and other helpful items, too, for about \$6.

But even when you're all equipped, don't rush in until you know just where you're going to tread. A little organization is in order—and the better you organize, the more successful your results will be.

First, you'll have to darken the room in which you're going to work. For film development all white light must be eliminated. This means that in the "blacked-out" room you shouldn't even be able to see a sheet of white paper after five minutes. For print making, a well-darkened room is desirable, but it is not necessary to block every chink and crack.

Hang your safelight so you'll be able to see what you're doing. Darkroom safelight technique runs this way: if you're developing any type of panchromatic film (and it isn't advisable to try this in the beginning, when you're just learning) turn off all lights and work in complete darkness. That's necessary because panchromatic film is sensitive to light of all colors. If you're developing a "chrome" type film, which is not sensitive to red light and which is easiest to handle in the darkroom, use a dim red safelight, keeping it at least three feet from the film. When developing photographic papers use the yellow safelight—but, again, keep it at least three feet from the paper.

ASIDE from those points, the development of film and the making of prints are simply matters of following the general procedure shown in the illustrations on these pages, and sticking to the specific instructions given on your particular equipment. But of course there are tricks to every trade—and one of the tricks of good photography is to "crop" your negatives.

To do this, adjust the guides on your printing frame or box which control the print borders, so that the guides eliminate from your print all except the most interesting portions of the negative. In this way you can vignette one person out of a group picture. Or you can improve the composition, change the emphasis in a snapshot, or produce unusual effects.

As you become more experienced, you may want to go in for experimentation, but until you are completely familiar with standard photofinishing techniques, avoid mistakes by sticking to one developer and one film. Later you may want to develop your films in a tank instead of a tray, just as a matter of convenience. Or you may want to try the new photographic printing paper that can be handled safely in ordinary room light instead of a darkroom. Again, you may get an enlarger and make blow-ups of your shots. However, with the method that's described here, you'll get consistently good results from the start if you stick to one brand of developer, one film, and one method of processing.

Finishing school is fun. Follow the simple directions and you'll find it out for yourself!

THE END

Garnet Lodge

by FRANCES DUNCOMBE

THE STORY SO FAR: In spite of Cousin Larry's open disapproval, Jinky's father, Bill Sanders, spent his entire capital to turn the property left to his wife by her eccentric uncle, Stephen Cromwell, into an inn for skiers. Just when the success of the inn seemed most promising, disturbing things began to happen. Trying to scotch the rumor that it was Great-Uncle Stephen's ghost which frightened the cook, Mamie Hixie, Jinky had an unpleasant encounter with Mamie's shiftless husband, Al. To Jinky's dismay, Cousin Larry was sure it was the carelessness of her friend, Pete, which caused the fire in the cabins reserved by his college ski club. Then, with Professor Agnew and the Norton children staying for the winter, Jinky's worries were fading, when she herself saw the ghost and Pete canceled the cabin reservations and left suddenly without saying good-by. Distressed, Jinky told Larry that she had seen the ghost.

PART FOUR

A SPARK shot out onto the hearth rug, and Cousin Larry extinguished it with a heavy boot. "Describe this apparition more fully, Jean. Try to remember every detail."

To Jinky, eager to plan some course of action before the ghost appeared again, it was almost maddening to have to go over it again. Couldn't Cousin Larry feel the pressure of time as she did? What did it matter what Great-Uncle Stephen's ghost looked like in every detail? Perhaps though, to Cousin Larry it had some bearing on whether her mother should be told.

She closed her eyes to aid her memory. "The head was turned away and indistinct. In one hand the ghost held something blurry. I think it was a toad, but little black specks kept floating in front of my eyes."

"You are not absolutely sure it was a toad then?" he asked with sudden intensity.

"No."

"Might it not have been a tobacco pouch?"

"What difference does it make!" Jinky had come to the end of her patience. "The ghost, carrying something, appears in the yellow room and goes out into the hall. Father is bound to meet it. And when he does—" There was no need to finish the sentence. "We'll have to warn Mother at once."

Walking back to the Lodge a few minutes later, Jinky felt more right with herself than she had for days. She filled her lungs with cold air and blew at the snowflakes settling on her nose. There would be no more secrets that weren't shared with her mother. Perhaps there need never have been if she had trusted her own judgment enough to go against Cousin Larry in the beginning. It was funny about Cousin Larry. As she had become certain of what to do, he, for the first time since she had known him, seemed to become uncertain. It was almost as if they had switched personalities. Slumped in a chair he had gazed vacantly into space.

Then as she was leaving, he had roused and become her normal self. "Wait until morning to tell your mother, Jean. Your father is sure to learn the truth if you tell her when she hasn't time to get herself under control."

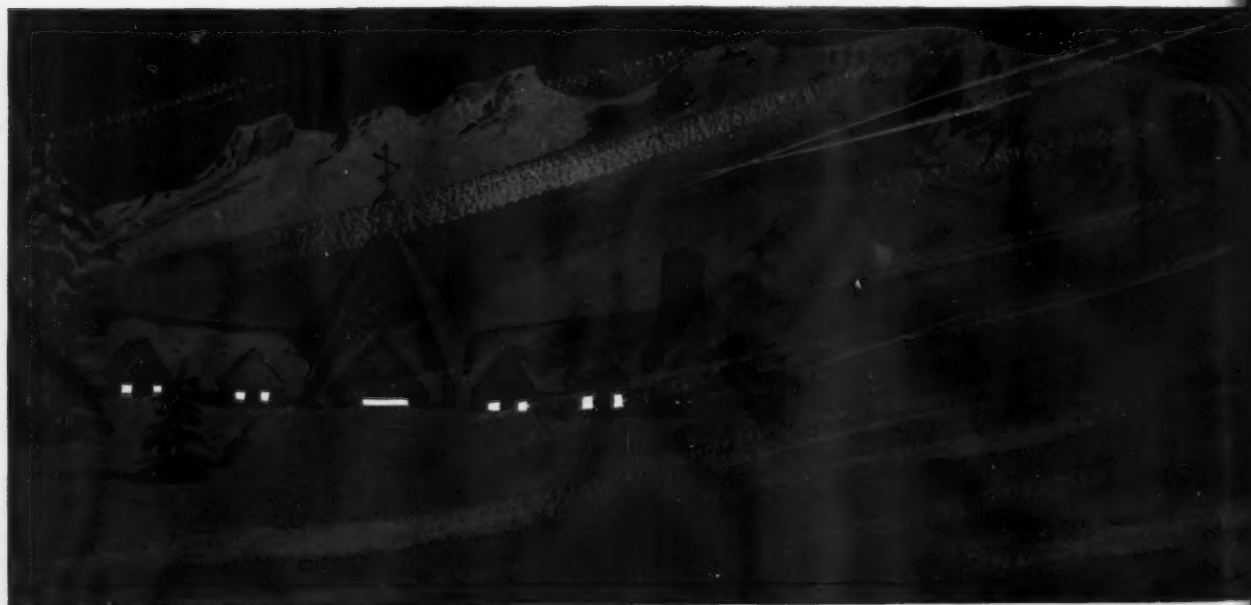
It had seemed logical then. But before Jinky had gone a hundred yards she knew it didn't make sense. Her mother, after all, she should never have forgotten, wouldn't need ten minutes to regain her control. Jinky knew. She had been with her mother that day when the War Department had telegraphed that her father was wounded.

Thinking only of sharing her secret as quickly as possible, Jinky scarcely noticed the parked sedan that should have prepared her for unexpected guests. Coming in out of the dark she felt as though she had stepped into a play that had nothing to do with reality.

There was a feeling of gaiety in the brightly lighted lounge as she heard her father's laugh ring out and saw excited pink on her mother's cheeks. Before a fire roaring with extra logs, a tall blond woman and a stocky man warmed their hands. All four were talking in quick eager sentences.

As Jinky came in, her father looked up and motioned to her. "Sari, this is our daughter Jean."

Sari Taylor, Jinky soon learned from the conversation that recommenced, had been sent by her paper to write a feature on skiing; her companion, Mr. Matthews, would take pictures of the



apes and trails and the Lodge that would illustrate the article. "If I just stop thinking, this will all be true," Jinky told herself. She realized this was wonderful publicity for the Lodge—advertising that couldn't be bought, and it was theirs for nothing! "There is no ghost. Father is completely well. Once the article is published, the Lodge will be crowded with guests, and we won't have a worry." Anyway she would let herself believe it for a little while, before she spoiled it for herself and her mother.

But, suddenly, Helen Sanders was pulling on her coat and rattens. "We're going to the anniversary supper and square dance at the firehouse, Jinky. Sari wants to use it for local color. Would you sleep in my bed till we get back, to be near Tony? I will give him a twenty-minute steam treatment if he wheezes."

And with that they were all bustling about, getting ready to leave, and there was no chance for Jinky to speak to her mother alone.

At the door, her father called back. "We're stopping at Lar-son's, but if we miss him, ask him to join us at the dance. He might have got his picture taken if he wears a loud enough shirt!"

But Cousin Larry didn't appear for supper, so Jinky supposed her father had found him, and delivered his own message. It was a quiet evening. Alone with the professor after the children were in bed, Jinky told him of her decision to tell her mother about the ghost.

"Not being a member of your family, Jean, I hesitated to interfere," he told her. "But whatever you saw or thought you saw, it seemed to me that keeping your mother in ignorance was no case of 'warding off evil with evil,' which, according to Socrates, is never right."

Jinky didn't have much farther to go now till she reached the Lodge, but she was so tired. She stumbled and fell in the snow...

"But you are as much family as Cousin Larry, and that gives you the same right to interfere," she assured him warmly.

The transparent pleasure he showed in this casual remark made Jinky wonder about him later, when she was lying awake in her mother's bed. What was his life apart from the Lodge? What was he professor of, for instance? Greek? Philosophy?

In the next room heavy breathing turned into a definite wheeze. The luminous dial of her watch showed midnight; her mother wouldn't be home for another hour.

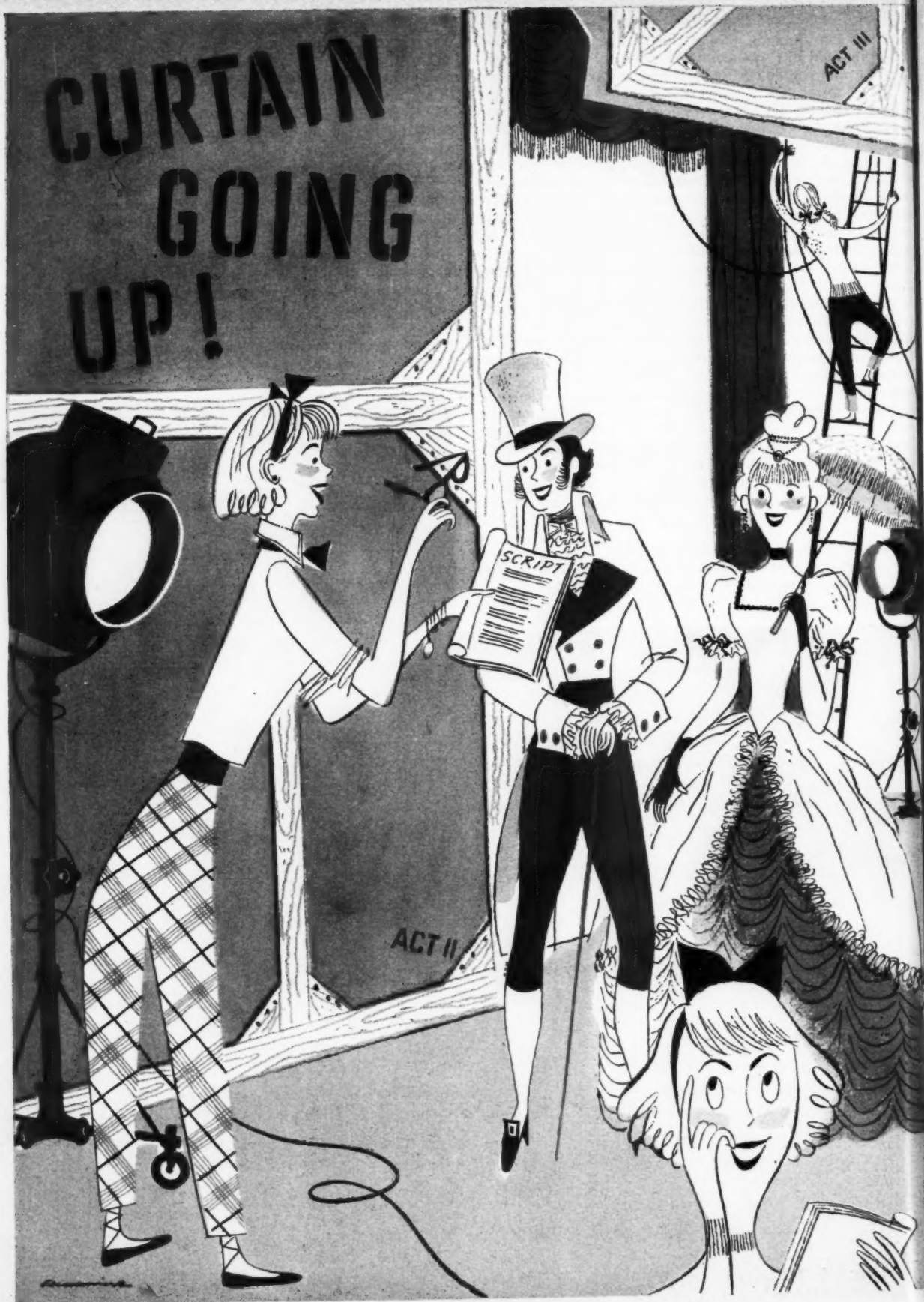
Jinky didn't turn on the light when she plugged in the kettle. While she waited for the steam to start, she stood looking out of the window. The wind had risen and was blowing snow against the panes in a soothing sound. She was almost asleep on her feet when she noticed a tiny circle of light flickering on the embankment behind the other wing. It went out and then on.

Jinky's muscles stiffened to attention even before her mind came fully awake. She leaned forward against the closed window, hands gripping the sill, eyes straining through the darkness.

Suddenly a broad beam of light (Continued on page 33)

Illustrated by Fred Irvin





EVEN AFTER we've outgrown the thrill of dressing up in old high-heeled shoes and lace curtains, most of us don't outgrow the longing for the world of make-believe. In movies, radio drama, and stage plays we watch others play "Let's pretend" on a professional level, but for many of us just looking and listening won't satisfy. We still want to be in the game ourselves. And we're the ones who say, "Let's give a play!" when a club or troop treasury needs fattening up or at the first sign of a lull in the year's activities.

If you've ever been in a play, you don't need to be told what fun acting is. You know. You know, too, that the fun often comes very close to being real work! A play is an attempt to create an illusion of reality, but that illusion doesn't just happen. It comes about only after very methodical work on the part of many people. Play production should be orderly, not "arty"; and businesslike planning of details helps to prevent many last-minute headaches.

Now that you've decided to give a play, which one shall it be? Let good writing be your first consideration. Frequently, your group may feel handicapped by the "royalty" or fee charged for permission to produce some of the better plays. But there are some good plays, many of them one-acters, which require only a very small royalty, or none at all. Ask your librarian for royalty-free collections like "On Stage for Teen-Agers," by Helen Louise Miller and study the catalogues of such play publishers as Samuel French of New York and Walter H. Baker of Boston. Incidentally, the one-act play is a particularly good length for beginning actors. A shorter rehearsal period, less involved staging, fewer characters—all these make it more easily handled than the three-act play.

You'll also be guided in your choice by the purpose for which it's to be given. For a money-raising enterprise, better stick to a spirited comedy. You'll sell more tickets! People always love to laugh. However, a serious play now and then, particularly at Christmas or Easter, may be in order. Even the people who love to laugh sometimes like to cry a little or to be moved to think seriously.

Other factors in selecting a play are the limitations of your stage and lighting facilities. When, however, you run into setting difficulties, the problem may be solved by using scenery which is merely suggestive rather than realistic. For instance, neutral cyclorama curtains, a rustic wooden table and bench, and an old lantern may suggest a setting far more effectively than an elaborate attempt at realism which just misses. Remember Shakespeare's plays were originally done without scenery, and in the modern theater such a play as "Our Town" was produced on only a bare stage and was well received.

After having selected your play and secured enough copies for your cast and production staff, the next big problem is the

business to a fellow actor. Take your suggestions to the director, if you must, and let her weigh its worth. Remember that her word is law for, after all, a director thinks in terms of the total effect the play is to produce, while each actor usually is thinking largely in terms of his own role.

Since the director is important, more important actually to a play's success than any other single person, obviously you should try to find someone really competent for that assignment. If you happen to know a parent, teacher, or a college girl who has studied dramatics, and you can press her into service, by all means, do so. If, however, no one answering that description is available, and you must choose a director from among yourselves, then select a girl whom all of you respect and like, and make up your minds from the beginning that she is to be the boss.

Now that the play and the director have been decided upon, you can go ahead with casting the play. A system of tryouts, brief readings of scenes from the play itself, is the fairest way to do it. If you try out and are given a part, you'll help yourself and the director if you will familiarize yourself with the more commonly used stage terms, such as: *stage right, stage left, center, upstage, downstage, crosses, cues, business*, and the like. Any good dramatic textbook lists them, and you will feel much more at home in the early rehearsals if you understand the director's language. A little reading on the techniques of characterization and acting in a standard textbook before beginning the study of a role is also a good idea for beginners.

As an actor, however, your biggest job is that of understanding and interpreting the character you are to play. One good way is to isolate yourself in your room and read the play straight through several times, thinking hard about the character you are to portray. Then you write a character sketch of everything you know or imagine about the person's life. It is never coincidental that the best performances are given by the people who have the greatest understanding of their part.

AS SOON as parts are assigned, your director will work out and post the rehearsal schedule—a great convenience to the cast. Shopping trips and hairdresser appointments can usually be shifted when actors know several days ahead exactly when their scenes will be rehearsed and on what days they'll be free. Absence from rehearsal is a serious sin! No matter how few lines you have to say, if you aren't there to say them at the right time, the whole cast is inconvenienced, and the play suffers. Being on time is almost equally important. Acting is a co-operative social business, never purely an individual matter. Every actor is important, and every speech counts.

Probably at the first rehearsal your director will want a reading of the entire play. This is usually followed by a reading rehearsal of act one, if the play is in three acts, or of the first section, if the play has only one act. At these reading rehearsals, the actors will work on line interpretation and delivery. After the reading rehearsals will come a business rehearsal (any movement on stage is referred to as "business") when the actors walk through that section of the play being rehearsed. Those business rehearsals are perhaps the most difficult. Very frequently the movements

suggested by the author of the play won't work in your particular setting, and others—adaptable to your situation—should be worked out. Possibly you may have only one exit, stage Center, while the script calls for one stage Left and one stage Right. Obviously, there'll have to be some changes made. Again, in many play scripts, very little movement is suggested, and if a play is to be interesting, it must have action. Usually the director will invent clever bits of action which will liven up the play and make the actors seem real people in a real situation instead of robots spouting lines at each other. A good director does much of this planning (Continued on page 38)

You need more than good actors to stage a play.

Meet the people behind the scenes—the director, the whole production staff, the business manager

choice of a director. Don't make the fatal mistake of thinking that you can worry along without one. You can't! If play production is to be successful, there must be a central authority or the results are very likely to be bedlam.

Arguments can arise so easily—between the cast and the prop crew, the leading man and the prompter, the scene designer and the lighting head—arguments, tears, feuds that spoil all the fun!

You must be willing to give your director absolute authority about all such matters. It is the height of bad stage manners for an actor to suggest so much as a line reading or a bit of

Festivity Fashions



4931

4861: Hood and muff make warm friends! Useful, becoming, easy to make—a perfect gift, too. One size only, set requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch fabric. Wyner wool jersey or Botany broadcloth are suggested

4883: Fine under your winter coat now, this trig little jacket and well-fitting, Empire-waisted skirt make a wonderful suit for spring. For sizes 11 to 17. Size 13 calls for $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material

4931: High-neckline interest for this useful one-piecer with molded bodice and flared skirt. Sizes 11 to 17, and so pretty in plaid or plain fabric. Size 13 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch

4926: An attractive dress for sizes 11 to 17 has back fullness, drop shoulder, scarf collar, and tabs at belt! Try it in Cohama's 39-inch rayon crepe. For size 13, you'll need $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards, plus tie and belt

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering enclose 25¢ for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, please turn to page 33.



4682

4682: Make the day or date-time version! A versatile pattern, with only two main parts, for sizes 10 to 16. In size 12, three-quarter-sleeve dress calls for 3 yards 54-inch; sleeveless version, 2½ yards 39-inch fabric

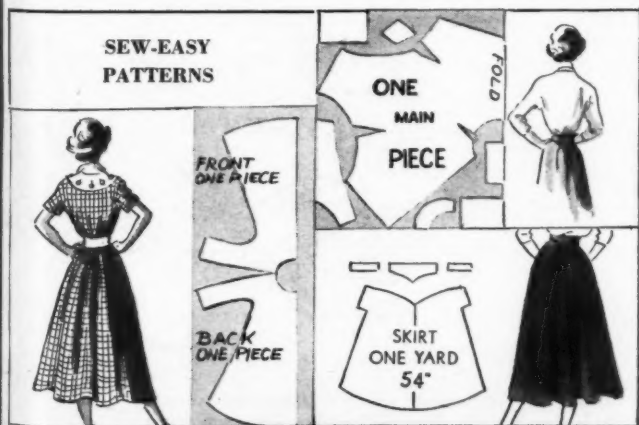
9325: Blouse with tiny mandarin collar, three-quarter sleeves, and deep armholes has one main pattern piece. For sizes 10 to 18, it's so easy to make you'll want several. All sizes require just 1 yard 54-inch fabric

4703: And here's the one-yard skirt for waist sizes 25, 26, 27, 29. No side seams, no sewing problems—make it in a jiffy. A gay, 54-inch fabric by American Woolen Company is one suggestion. Remember, just one yard 54-inch material



9325

4703



Get Ready, Get Set

Come and get it, gang! It's all spread before you—a tempting, glamorous supper, buffet style



by MARY PARKER

It's fun to play hostess to your friends.
Here are ways to do it easily, correctly

MAYBE table-setting has always struck you as a bore and a chore, so you make yourself conspicuous by your absence toward suppertime. Well, if you do, you're skipping something that can be fascinating fun and even an art. It all depends on how aesthetic you want to get!

You'll probably find this out for yourself the first time you decide to deck the festive board for a group of your friends, and eventually you may even learn to enjoy the exercise on family nights. But you'll have to understand that setting a gracious table doesn't consist simply of fishing the best lace tablecloth out of the sideboard drawer and sloshing ice water into the crystal goblets!

Table-setting in the best sense means creating an orderly, appealing atmosphere for the enjoyment of a meal. It means that the setting is both attractive (not necessarily elegant in the double-damask way) and functional. A well-set table is one that facilitates the serving of the food so that the whole thing runs off with the least possible fuss. As a matter of fact, you'll find that most of the etiquette pertaining to table-setting is designed to increase the convenience and ease with which your guests are fed. A well-set table makes the diners comfortable.

To show you what we mean by a really gracious table, let's just suppose that you've decided to entertain. You've issued invitations, perhaps, to your current beau, plus another couple. They're coming to your house for supper on the night of the Drama Club dress rehearsal, and you've asked your mother to let you attend to tricking out the table. Naturally you want things to go off smoothly. So what do you do?

First, consider the table itself. Is the family trencher big enough to accommodate the extra guests? Experts specify two square feet per eater, but your own common sense will tell you if the fit is too tight. Figure this out a day or two in advance, so that if the little gate-legged number from the breakfast nook is going to be inadequate, you can search about for a substi-

tute. An outsized desk or even a battered workbench, if deftly draped, may do very well.

The next point to think about is the covering. Strictly speaking, a dinner table calls for complete coverage—the full-cut cloth with the Long Look—but if the family board is handsome and well polished, a set of doilies will do quite nicely, too. Lace, linen, gingham, or plastic—it doesn't matter so long as they're fresh and pretty. Color is tremendously important when you're trying to create a cheery, inviting atmosphere, and psychologists have proved that appealing color tones can improve the flavor of food and make people hungrier!

Don't be afraid to consider unusual shades of fabrics if you're sure they'll blend with the family china. You might have fun stitching up place mats in strawberry-printed chintz, or aqua-and-white plaid rayon from the remnant counter, or old-fashioned red-and-yellow calico. If you (Continued on page 45)

Drawings by
Boris Givotovsky



Rules for individual place settings are simple to remember, for they are based on common sense

Starting at the top:

Soft and warm, these white bunny fur mittens by Wear Right, cost \$2.25 and are at L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis

A Chinese coin dangles from this triple bracelet by Caro. Stern Bros., New York City, has it for \$1.98* Here's a smart tassel tie belt of rich velveteen. By Vogue, it's yours for just \$2 at Joske's, San Antonio. Benedikt's adorable dachshund pin is of bright colored stones; \$1* at Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Velveteen beret and a drawstring bag to match by Harry Weiss is \$4.98 complete at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn

*Please add 20% Federal tax

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Photographs in this section by Ralph M. Baxter

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Here are eighty-two ways of assuring your friends and family a "Grand Opening" on Christmas morning. And here's a hint to make shopping easier. Order by mail! You don't have to live in the city of the store mentioned. Just write for any item and say "as seen in The American Girl Magazine." You will be serviced promptly and reliably

Fresh out of a handbox is Sally Mason's crisp cotton blouse. It's so wonderful to give or get that we call it our "Prize Purchase" for December. The velveteen collar and cuffs are removable. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$4, at stores on page 49

Be sure to look for a Prize Purchase in our next issue

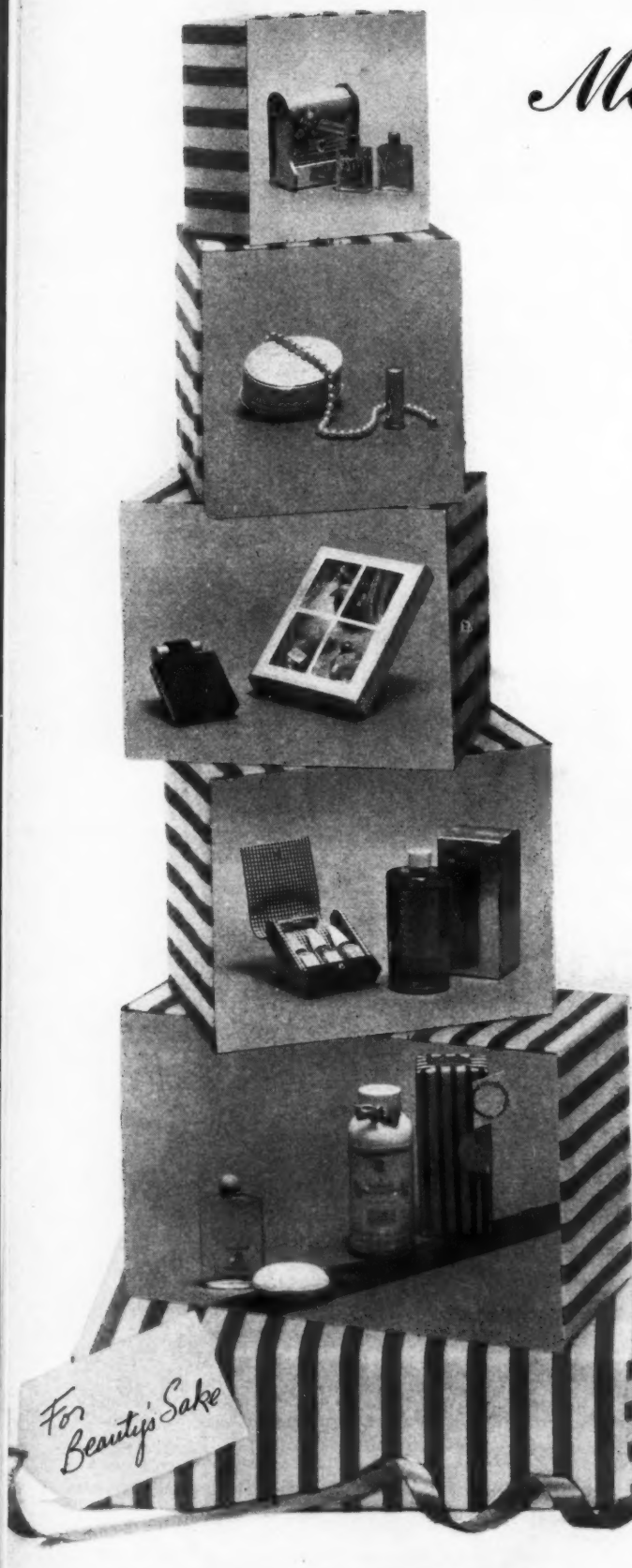
Merry Christmas

For Beauty's Sake: Hearts and Flowers by Richard Hudnut—two fragrance notes in a gilt piano for \$2.75* at Marshall Field, Chicago. Lipstick, powder, 'n pearls to match by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, \$2.75* at the Emporium, San Francisco. Quelques Fleurs and Chantilly perfume peep out of a pretty Christmas Window by Houbigant, \$2.50* at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia. Prissy Sr. by Rex is a neat suede compact with a loop for lipstick; \$3 at Lord & Taylor, New York City. A large gift-boxed bottle of Breck shampoo is \$1.75 at Rich's, Atlanta. Peggy Sage polish, remover, base, lipstick in a bengaline and gingham case, \$1.50* at the Dayton Co., Minneapolis. Petticoat Two-Step has toilet water and guest soap for \$1*. Specially gift wrapped, this six-ounce bottle of hand smooth is also \$1*. Both are by Milkmaid, at Frederick & Nelson, Seattle

On the Practical Side: Golden trumpet salt and pepper set by Dart of brass costs \$1 at The Bar Mart, 62 West 45 St., New York City 19. Imported from England, a silver-plated tea infuser is \$1.25. You can turn this embossed brass pitcher into a perfect flower vase, \$2.50. Dutch girl dinner bell of brass is \$1.50. Saucy squirrel nut-crackers are \$1.50. The above four items from Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., New York City 3. The cover is all in one with this chintz "swirl top" sewing box, \$3.49 at all Singer Sewing Centers. Satin spool holder contains all basic colors of thread, place for pins, needles, and thimbles. At Blair-Gifts, Allenhurst, New Jersey, for \$1.25. China nut dish or ash tray by Joanne Bent, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City 10. Four for \$1.15. Two silver-plated bonbon dishes in leaf design are \$2.95 at Crane's, 419 East 57 St., New York City 22. Copper molds lined with block tin to assure taste, \$2.75 each at Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., New York City 3. Humorous signs of the zodiac on tiles for hot plates are \$1.15 at Joanne Bent, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City 10. Key Minder, a shopping list with a mind of its own; push a button and mark the item you need. At M. C. Flynn, 43 East 59 St., New York City 3, \$2.95

From One Teen to Another: Accordion-player print on a B. G. silk scarf; Cravenette processed for rain, it's \$2 at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans. There's a novel clip to Omar's longhorn scarf holder, \$1* at Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Small velvet tie by Glentex is a smooth background for Coro's pearl-gold animal zoo. Tie, \$1 at Arnold Constable, New York City. Scatter pins, \$1* each at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. Antique fob pin by Benedikt is \$1.95* at Franklin Simon, New York City 18. Benedikt's enameled bracelet has a dainty pearl trim, \$2* at Davison Paxon, Atlanta. Tiny pearl buckle on Vogue's suede belt, \$1.50 at Wanamaker's, New York City 3. Nodding turtle and fly of colored stones by Omar, are \$1* each at Lord & Taylor, New York City 18. Plastic fitted carryall by Joell keeps all essentials together. Only \$1.98* at Rike Kumler, Dayton. A circle of coins huckles Debutante's leather belt. At the May Co., Cleveland, \$3. Benedikt's antique-finished coin necklace has matching bracelet, \$1* each at Gimbel's, New York; Philadelphia

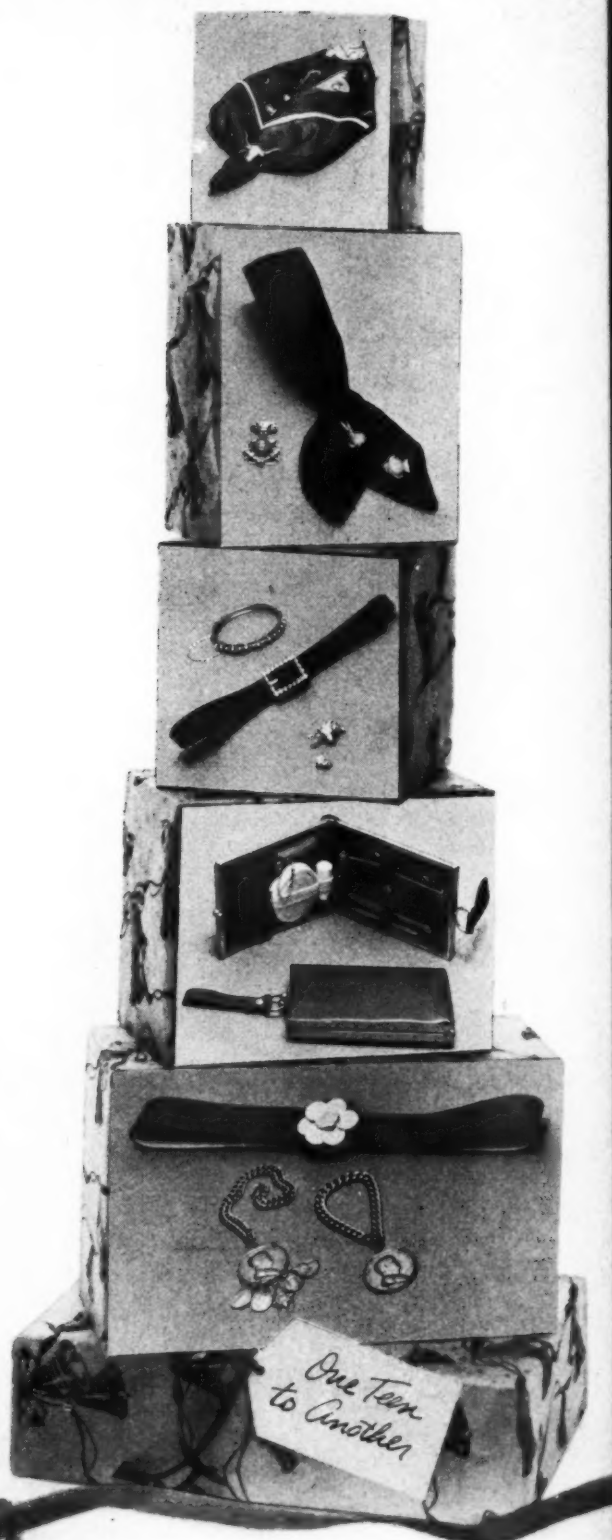
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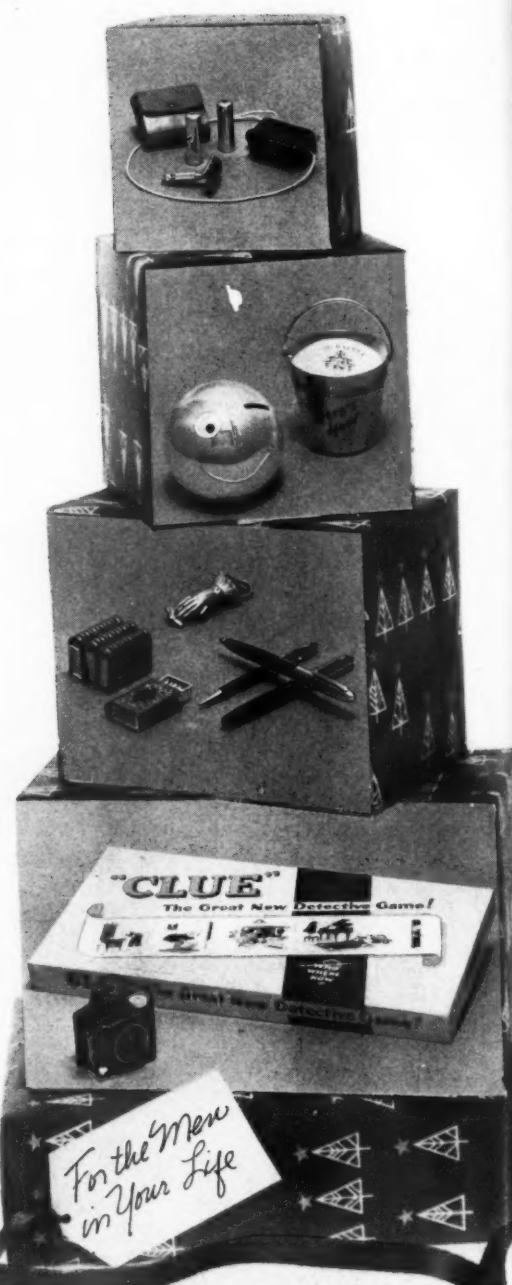
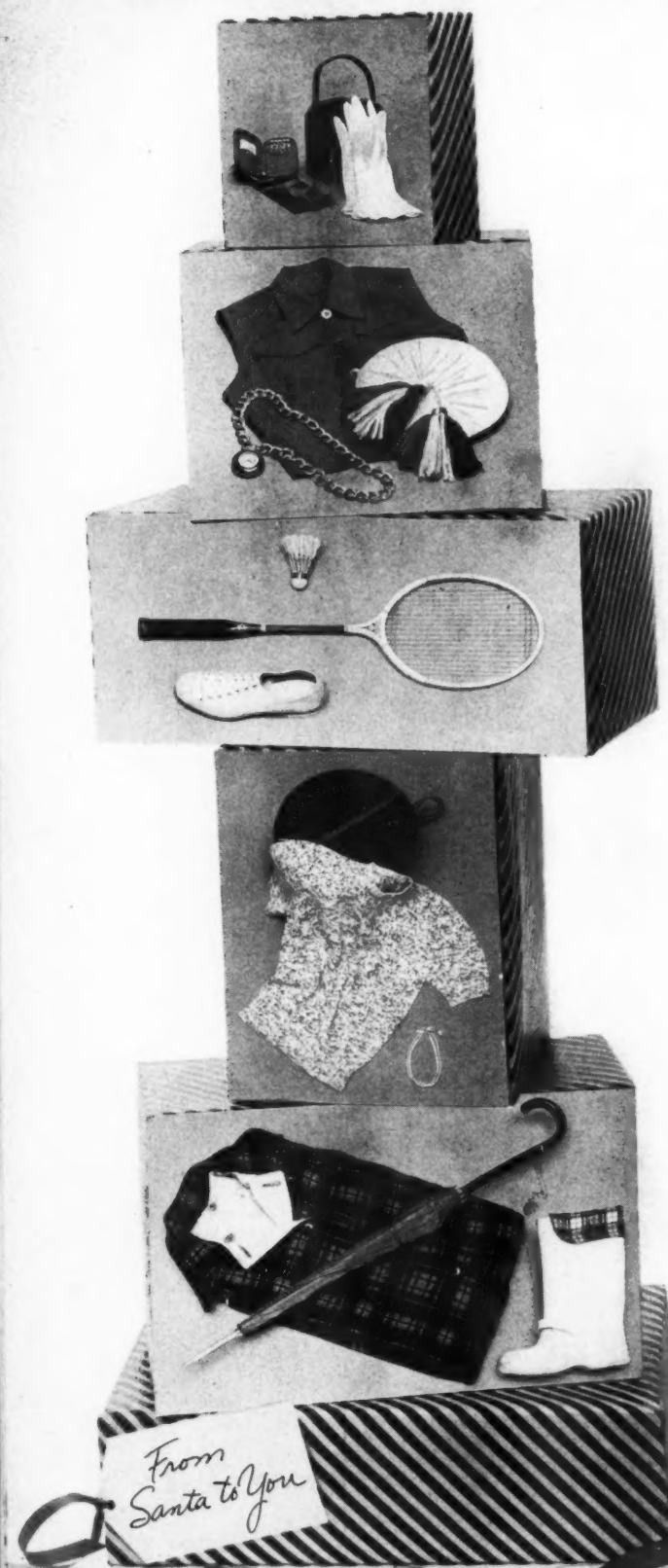


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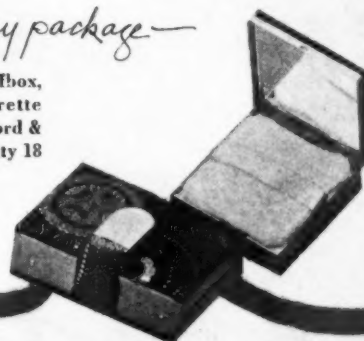
From Santa to You: Mirror-top box bag by Youth Mode is of velvet; \$2.98* at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn 1. Wear Right's shortie glove has scalloped cuffs; at Davison Paxon, Atlanta, \$1.98. Matching wallet and key-tainer of fine pin-grained leather by Lady Buxton is \$3.75; complete at Maison Blanche, New Orleans. Touraine's weskit-blouse has high pockets and pearl buttons. All wool, in teen sizes 10-16, \$5 at Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore. Smart knitted beret with multi-colored tassels by Harry Weiss; \$2 at Meier & Frank, Portland. The enamel-edged watch on Debutante's gold chain belt has a three-month guarantee. At Carson Pirie, Scott, Chicago, \$5. For those who are sports-minded: a badminton racquet, \$4, with shuttlecocks, 65¢ each; or bowling shoes, \$5. All at A. G. Spalding Bros., 518 Fifth Ave., New York City 18. For a convenient hatbox with sturdy plastic handle, order #11-861 and send \$2.25 to Girl Scout National Equipment Service, 155 East 44 St., New York City 17. Shepherd's tweed sweater in teen sizes 10-16, is \$3.95 at Bloomingdale's, New York City 22. Coro's double strand of pearls can be worn in many lengths; \$3* at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. All-wool green or red plaid outside, gabardine inside—a reversible raincoat by Quality; teen sizes 10-16, \$16.95 at Gimbel's, New York City 1. Long umbrella by Town has a name disc; all colors, \$3.98 at Bloomingdale's, New York City 22. Plaid shields' brighten storm boots; \$1 a pair at Jastrom, Box 1042, Akron

For the Men in Your Life: Pocket shaver in a calf case holds razor, cream, brush; \$4.75 at Crane's, 419 East 57 St., New York City 22. Blade Master is a magic box that sharpens double-edged blades in seconds; at M. C. Flynn, 43 East 59 St., New York City 22, for \$1.95. Gourielli's "Here's How" shave bucket of hammered aluminum is filled with shave soap; \$1.50 at Bloomingdale's, New York City 22. Silver-plated face, a safe razor bank for dull blades, is \$2.50 at Crane's, 419 East 57 St., New York City 22. Handclasp clip of brass makes an odd paperweight; \$1.75 at Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., New York City 3. Just 98¢ gets him a matching lead pencil, fountain pen, and ball-point pen from Michael Products, 2 East 23 St., New York City 10. Four leather-bound "books" of matches, \$2.50 at M. C. Flynn, 43 East 59 St., New York City 22. Clue by Parker Bros., is sure to intrigue who-dunnit fans of all ages; \$3 at the White House, San Francisco. Baby Brownie camera is only \$2.75 at Eastman Kodak, 356 Madison Ave., New York City 17

\$1 or Less: Small gold or silver envelope bag by Youth Mode is \$1* at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. Heineman's comb-barrette sets are pretty gifts. Pearl-edged, \$1 each; gold-edged, 50¢ each, at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. Handy kitchen novelties: Closed-top onion chopper avoids tears; metal nut grater avoids strain. \$1 each at Montagne's, Verona, New Jersey. Nylon's lipstick, boxed in a plastic angel or dressed as a candy cane is at Jordan Marsh, Boston, for \$1*. Woolworth has this plastic manicure bag, by Dura Gloss, with remover, two shades of polish, cotton, orange stick, emery board, only 59¢*. Omar's photograph pin holds two pictures and can be initialed on the cover. \$1* at Stern Bros., New York City 18. The top of the gold disc on Karu's bracelet moves away to show "I love you" in tiny pearls; \$1* at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. Dainty handkerchiefs are always appropriate. Embroidered names and flowers on Egyptian cotton are 29¢ each. A flower arrangement with new lift-up petals on Swiss cotton is 69¢ each. By Franshaw; both are at Macy's, New York City 1

An extra gay package—

Rex's brocaded snuffbox, compact, and cigarette case are \$2 each at Lord & Taylor, New York City 18



*Please add 20% Federal tax

American Spice Trade Association



Pumpkin tarts with holiday trimmings (left) make a gay party dessert. And (right) for a dee-licious gift package, try these tempting candies and cookies



Birds Eye Frosted Foods

MORE RECIPES

Send for your twenty-fifth AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! Including more recipes for more holiday goodies, this illustrated folder is an important number of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First through twenty-fourth folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now. Send us 6c for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 29.

The binder for the AMERICAN GIRL Recipe Files may still be ordered. For information on how to get it, see page 29.

by JUDITH MILLER



READY or not, here comes Christmas—everybody's favorite day! Shop early; check the tree decorations in advance; take time to include a personal note on the cards you send to friends. And best of all, fill the house with aroma of good things cooking. Here are recipes for all sorts of delicious holiday items—decorative desserts and cookies for holiday parties; candies and cookies gaily packed by your loving hands for friends and neighbors. All are fun to make and well worth your effort.

Some—such as fruit cake, certain candies, and even cookies—actually improve if they're made well in advance of the magic day and carefully stored. But these Christmas Pumpkin Tarts should be made the afternoon of your big party. Serve them hot!

CHRISTMAS PUMPKIN TARTS

Place contents of 1 box (1 pound) quick-frozen pumpkin-pie mix in saucepan. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk and heat 7 minutes, or until

thawed, stirring constantly. Add gradually to 2 slightly beaten eggs and mix well. Turn into 6 or 7 unbaked $4\frac{1}{2}$ " tart shells. Bake in hot oven (425°) 45 minutes, or until puffed across the top. Decorate the tops with reindeers, stars, Christmas trees, or Santa Claus figures that have been cut from scraps of leftover pastry with shaped cooky cutters and baked separately in the oven.

FRUIT CAKE

- | | |
|---|--|
| $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted all purpose flour | 1 cup finely cut dates |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn starch | 2 cups finely cut mixed candied citron, lemon and orange peel, pineapple, and cherries |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 cup shortening |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each ground cloves, nutmeg, all-spice and cinnamon | 1 cup extra-sweet white syrup |
| 2 cups seedless raisins | 3 eggs, well-beaten |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice | |

Goodies Galore

Sift flour, cornstarch, salt, baking powder, and spices together. Dredge fruit with ½ cup sifted dry ingredients. Cream shortening and sugar together until light, add white syrup and eggs and beat thoroughly. Alternately add dry ingredients and orange juice. Fold in fruit. Pour into 2 well-greased loaf pans (8½ x 4½ x 4"). Bake in a slow oven (300°) 1½ hours. Remove from oven; cool slightly and remove from pan. While still warm brush top, sides, and bottoms with mixture of ½ cup orange juice and ½ cup extra-sweet white syrup. Wrap in waxed or cellophane paper and store in airtight container. Makes 2 loaves. If desired, decorate top of cake with candied fruits. This cake may be made at least 3 weeks in advance as it improves with age. However, if you prefer to frost fruit cake with a butter icing, do so a short time before serving, because icing will discolor during the time the cake is in storage.

TUTTI-FRUTTI COOKIES

¼ cup chopped maraschino cherries	¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup chopped candied pineapple	½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons chopped candied orange peel	½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon vanilla	¾ cup butter or other shortening
1 ¾ cups sifted cake flour	½ cup brown sugar, firmly-packed
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder	2 eggs, unbeaten
	¾ cup chopped wal-nut meats
	¼ cup milk

Combine cherries, pineapple, orange peel, and flavoring. Let stand in tightly covered jar 24 hours, stirring fruit occasionally to distribute flavoring. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and spices, and sift together 3 times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each. Then add fruit mixture and nuts and mix thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Drop from teaspoon on lightly greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven (400°) for 10 minutes, or until done. With this recipe you can make approximately 5 dozen cookies.

MOLASSES LOLLIPOPS

1 cup sugar	3 tablespoons butter
½ cup molasses	½ teaspoon salt
	½ cup water

Combine all ingredients in a 2-quart saucepan; stirring until dissolved. Cook the mixture slowly to 290° or until the syrup when dropped in cold water forms a hard, stiff ball. Remove from heat and drop from tablespoon on wooden lollipop sticks which have been arranged on greased pan. When candy is hard, wrap individually with waxed paper or colored cellophane. This recipe will make 20 lollipops.

GINGERBREAD MEN

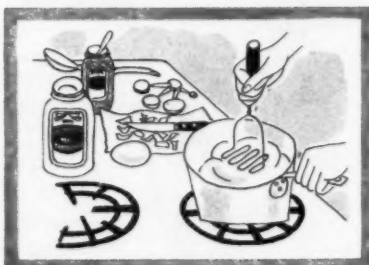
3 cups flour	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1½ teaspoons salt	½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon soda	¾ cup shortening
½ teaspoon baking powder	½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons ginger	¾ cup molasses
	1 egg, unbeaten

(Continued on page 28)



Mom's Night Off!

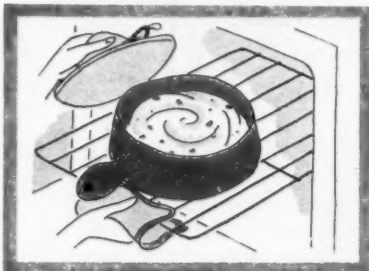
BAKED WHIP 'N' WEENIES will hit the spot these cold nights . . . and it's so easy for "new" cooks to prepare!



1. Boil 6 medium-sized potatoes. Peel. Add 1 beaten egg, ¼ c. *Real* Mayonnaise, 1 tbs. Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish. Whip with fork or potato masher.



2. Chop ¼ c. pimiento, ¼ c. green pepper, ¼ c. onion. Cube ¼ lb. sharp cheese. Fold into potato mixture. Season with ½ tsp. salt and a few dashes of pepper.



3. Place mixture in a greased baking dish. Place cover on the dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 20-30 minutes. Remove from oven and uncover.



4. Lightly press 8 to 10 frankfurters into mixture. Continue baking uncovered for an additional 15-20 minutes. (Serves 6-8.) Serve with salad and green vegetable.



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TEEN SHOP talk

Gifts for the "young fry"—holiday suggestions that will bring Christmas joy to all the youngsters on your list. \$3 or less



This lovely felt lady from Italy has a hollow skirt that zips open to make a handy purse. By Teen Town, \$2.98, at Rich's, Atlanta

A sturdy, hand-operated sewing machine that really stitches! Fun to give and get, it's \$1.98 at Novelty Mart, 59 East 8th St., New York City 3

For these wool mittens, with gay Chinese design, send \$1 for #8-552 to Girl Scout National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th St., New York City 17. State size 4, 5, or 6

Here's a big and colorful cardboard jigsaw-puzzle picture of Santa Claus and his reindeer. By Saalfeld, 98c, at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

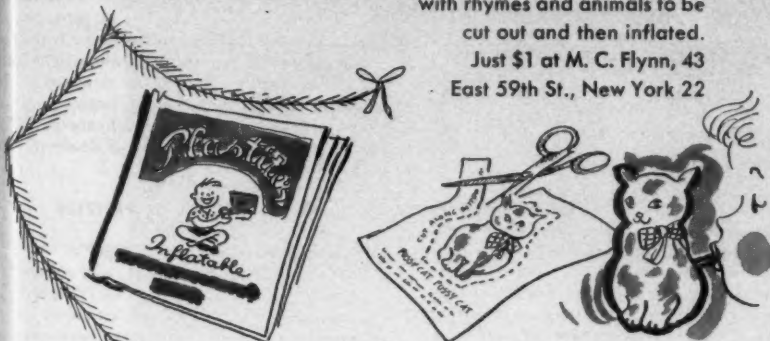


by Jonni Burke

Drawings by Lila Weil

Talk

"Puff-a-rhyme" is a plastic book with rhymes and animals to be cut out and then inflated. Just \$1 at M. C. Flynn, 43 East 59th St., New York 22



Werthley's silver hand-enameled barrette-bracelet set is packaged with "Frosty," a cute little snowman. At Kaufmann's Pittsburgh, \$1.95 complete, plus 20% Federal tax



Hug this 22" jester doll and watch his eyes light up! He's \$2.98 at M. C. Flynn, 43 East 59th St., New York City 22



Mother's little helper may now have an automatic cake-mixer just her size. It really mixes, running on standard flashlight batteries, sells for \$2.98 at Novelty Mart, 59 East 8th St., New York City 3

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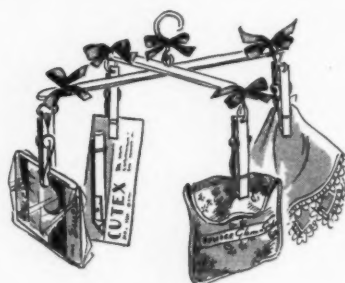
"How Clever...."

Christmas creeping up on you? Here are gift ideas—quick, and easy on the purse! See how everyday objects are combined in a gala way to skyrocket your reputation as a clever giver

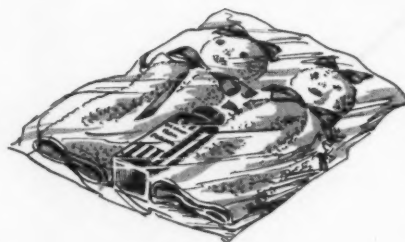


The elephant's body and head are made of marshmallows, pressed into shape and then covered with cellophane, a twist of which makes trunk and tail. Each round leg is half a package of 5c candy, fixed to body with Scotch tape. A ribbon bow saddles the animal to a gaily wrapped bar of chocolate

Tie a tiny red bow on each arm of an inexpensive hosiery drier; then wrap four good-grooming items in cellophane and suspend one from each clothespin. Choose lightweight items—a powder puff, handkerchief, orange stick, emery boards, perhaps. Now hang on the tree



Washcloth dolls and baby tale in a cellophane envelope—cute quickie for smallest fry. Roll each cloth from both sides to center, fold top over for head, tying ribbon around neck and crayoning face on. For hands, gently pull out inside shoulder rolls; add bows at wrists



Miss Chore Girl's body is an inverted tin funnel; her cape, a dishrag; her beribboned hat, a copper pan scrubber! Wooden clothespin, inserted in funnel, forms the neck, and the face is a sponge with crayoned features. Hatpins, Scotch tape, and ribbon will be needed



For the garden-minded man, a red flowerpot, paper-stuffed to support a green trowel. Work gloves (thumbs wrapped in green cellophane), taped securely to back of pot, appear to hold it. Slip package of plant food over trowel, add spring bulbs if you like, and a tremendous red bow



Drawings by Helen Disbrow

Goodies Galore

(Continued from page 25)

Sift together all dry ingredients except sugar. Cream together shortening and sugar. Gradually blend in molasses. Beat in egg. Add dry ingredients. Chill dough in refrigerator for an hour or more. Roll dough $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick on floured board. Cut into gingerbread men with cookie cutter. Bake from 8 to 10 minutes in moderately hot oven (375°) on lightly greased cookie sheets, decorating immediately with colored icing, tinted sugar, or tiny varicolored candies which are available at many grocery stores. Yield: 5 dozen gingerbread men.

SPICED CHOCOLATE PRETZELS

3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour	1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder	3 eggs, well beaten
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour milk or sour cream
1 teaspoon cinnamon	3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger	1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice	
1 cup margarine	

Measure flour into sifter; add baking powder, salt, and spices. Sift on to sheet of waxed paper. Cream softened margarine in large bowl until light and fluffy. Add sugar gradually, beating until light and creamy. Blend in well-beaten eggs and sour milk or cream; add melted chocolate and vanilla; combine thoroughly. Add flour and spice mixture gradually to creamed mixture, stirring until well blended. Chill dough in refrigerator for at least 1 hour; then roll it out into rectangular shape about $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick on lightly floured board. Cut lengthwise into $1\frac{1}{2}$ " strips, rolling each strip between palms of hands to shape into long thin twists which are then looped into pretzel shape. Place on greased baking sheet; brush with egg yolk and sprinkle with colored sugar. Bake in 375° oven for about 6 minutes or until done. These pretzels may be hung on the tree with loops of bright-colored ribbon. Let family and friends help themselves. Yield: 5 dozen.

CHOCOLATE-DIPPED FRUITS

3 squares unsweetened chocolate	1 can sweetened condensed milk
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup coffee	Pitted figs, dates, raisins, and whole nuts
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	

Cut chocolate in pieces and place with coffee and salt in top of double boiler. Stir occasionally until chocolate melts. When melted, stir in sweetened condensed milk. Blend thoroughly, then remove double boiler from heat, though still keeping top over hot water. Lower figs, dates, and nuts one at a time, and $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen raisins pressed together, into chocolate, using fork for dipping. Place on cake rack covered with waxed paper. Let stand until chocolate coating sets. Serve as dessert. Yield: 12 servings.

HAYSTACKS

1 cup sugar	1 cup milk
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar	1 teaspoon cinnamon
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup light corn syrup	4 tablespoons butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup light molasses	4 cans coconut, southern style
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup light cream	

Combine all ingredients except coconut in saucepan and place over low flame. Cook

stirring constantly, to 240°, or until small amount of syrup forms a slightly firm ball in cold water. Pour about ¼ of mixture in small bowl, keeping rest warm over hot water. Work in lightly as much coconut as syrup will take up. Drop on greased surface. Shape into cones. Repeat until all syrup and coconut have been used. Yield: approximately 3 pounds.

DROP COOKY WREATHS

¼ cup margarine ¼ teaspoon salt
 ½ cup sugar ½ teaspoon cinnamon
 ½ cup molasses ½ teaspoon ginger
 1½ teaspoons vinegar Dash of nutmeg
 2 cups sifted flour ½ teaspoon soda
 ¼ cup boiling water

ICING

1½ cups confectioners' ½ teaspoon vanilla
 sugar Candied cherries and
 2 tablespoons cream citron
 Dash of salt

Cream margarine and sugar until light. Add molasses and vinegar. Sift flour, salt, cinnamon, and other spices; add to creamed mixture. Stir soda into boiling water and add to batter. Drop by teaspoons on greased cookie sheet; flatten lightly and keep round. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) 8 to 10 minutes. Remove cookies to cooling rack. Prepare icing by combining confectioners' sugar with cream, salt, and vanilla. Frost each cookie and then decorate outer edge with bits of candied cherries and citron to look like a holly wreath. Yield: 24 large cookies.

THE END

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a PENNY for YOUR THOUGHTS

LONDON, ENGLAND: I think your fashions are marvelous, and I only wish I could buy some of the dresses I see advertised. I envy American girls being able to go to school in their own dresses. Here in a high school such as I attend, everyone has to wear a uniform which is often old-fashioned. One school I know makes girls wear black woolen stockings and gym slips above the knees! Being sixteen, with a lively interest in clothes, I am thankful that I am allowed to wear long skirts.

I am in the lower sixth form and have just started working for my higher school certificate in science.

CYNTHIA M. CHAMBERS (age 16)

P. S. I forgot to mention that my mother likes to read the magazine almost as much as I do.

LAVONIA, GEORGIA: I think your story *Terry and the Team* was very good.

How about having some more jumper patterns, and some tips about wearing scarfs with suits different ways?

JANET SAXON (age 15)

MATAWAN, NEW JERSEY: I think *Terry and the Team* was simply super. *Half a Dozen Steps* was too short. *Garnet Lodge* is good so far, but don't keep the suspense up too long.

I'm a First Class Scout and have earned twenty-one badges and my Curved Bar.

Keep up the good work.

MARILYN KNOELL (age 14)

WARSAW, POLAND: I occasionally get *THE AMERICAN GIRL* from a friend who gets it from a pen pal in America. I think your magazine is perfect.

Your covers are really delightful. I always enjoy your articles, because you have a little of everything and a little for everyone, including your younger readers. I have never read such fine stories as in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*; unfortunately we do not have any girls' magazine in Poland; that is why I am so interested in this magazine.

Lots of luck to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and readers, too.

MARION BOGOBOWICZ

LEBANON, OHIO: I have just finished reading *Sky Girls* and I really wish I could thank you in person for such a swell article. I am planning to be a nurse and I really like airplanes, so if I stop growing I want to be an airline hostess.

I also liked *Winter Garden* as I have lots of plants and ivy. I think you have a swell magazine, and even though I'm not a Girl Scout, I enjoy reading about what the Scouts are doing.

BARBARA KENNEDY (age 15)

JAL, NEW MEXICO: I just completed my October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I enjoyed every article in it, especially *Terry and the Team* and *Sky Girls*. I also enjoyed *You Asked About Your Hair* very much. I always like to experiment with my hair. Let's have more articles on good grooming. Your *Teatime Taffetas* and *Prize Purchase* were super.

MIRIAM McDONALD

WORTHINGTON, OHIO: *Terry and the Team* was swell. Your continued stories are always what they should be, especially *Garnet Lodge*. I liked the October issue as a whole, although I didn't like *Winter Garden*.

LINDA MCNEILY (age 13)

JERICHO, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK: *Terry and the Team* is one of the best stories you have printed in a long time. Also I liked *Half a Dozen Steps*, but it was too short. I enjoyed *Teen Shop Talk*, and *You Asked About Your Hair*.

PHYLLIS WOOD (age 12)

LONDON, ENGLAND: We would like to thank you very much for a wonderful magazine. We receive it every month and look forward to the time when it is due to arrive.

The fashions are lovely, and we think that *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and *All Over the Map* are very interesting. Your stories are also very nice, and we especially liked *Green Cap* in your September issue as it was about Girl Scouts.

We are nearly fifteen years old, and are both First Class Girl Guides, and Patrol Second of the Silver Birch and Holly Patrols of our company.

BRENDA SANSOM AND PAMELA HODGE

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND: I am in the eighth grade at Robert E. Lee Junior High School 39. I am taking an accelerated course. My interests vary. I love to read and write stories and plays. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine is a favorite with me. I rank it tops.

I love the stories, fashions, and articles. Some of my favorite articles and stories from the October issue are: *Terry and the Team*, *Sky Girls*, *Garnet Lodge*, *Teen Shop Talk*,

and *It's New!* I think that the staff of your magazine is tops judging from the unprejudicedness of the magazine. You certainly are good sports to print both the likes and dislikes of your readers, as in *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

NORMA NECHAMKIN (age 13)

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS: I am glad you are going to have a *Recipe Exchange*.

Your articles on good grooming are very helpful. I wish you would have more articles like *You Asked About Your Hair* and leave out *In Step With the Times*.

MARILYN COWLES (age 11)

ROME, ITALY: My favorite part is *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I like it because the girls give ideas for making things which are the same ideas that you give, but are easier to make. For instance, in the September issue a girl wrote and said that instead of making a big bookcase like the one in *Why Not Build A Bookcase?* she made a smaller one which she covered with paper and put on her bureau. I could not get any wood so I gave up trying to make it, but when I read the letter I got an idea myself and made a small one out of cardboard which I used for glass animals, etc. I have gotten many similar ideas from *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

MARVYN MOORE (age 14)

BRONX, NEW YORK: I am especially delighted with the article *Sky Girls*. I hope to become an airline hostess and would appreciate more articles on the subject.

I think your stories are swell and never miss reading your articles on fashions and good looks.

Your covers depress me since they are the only part of the magazine I don't like.

Aside from my one complaint, I'm crazy about *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and look forward to it each month.

I'm fifteen years old and am a junior in high school.

HELEN MAC ARTHUR (age 15)

NELSON, NEW ZEALAND: I am in the fourth form in the Nelson Girls' College (high school).

My pen friend in Ohio sent me the August issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I was exceedingly grateful to her for it.

In New Zealand teen-agers do not dress as they do in America until they are approximately fourteen and a half or fifteen. Girls do not wear lipstick.

I do wear lipstick but not thickly and am having my clothes two inches longer this summer.

The girls here also have a different hair style than in the States. A fringe suits me but few girls wear them, not being in the fashion. I have no fringe but wear my hair like other New Zealand girls—approximately down to our collars, parted in the middle, and wavy all around (not curly).

Of course, there are many different hair styles, but this is the usual one.

Your magazine is full of interesting articles and is ideal for a girls' magazine. Unfortunately, here in New Zealand we have not a good magazine like this one.

BETH LIVINGSTON (age 14)

AVON LAKE, OHIO: Congratulations on your story *Terry and the Team*. It was surely a super story and I hope that you have more like it. Because I am interested in sports—especially basketball and tennis—I have enjoyed all your articles on sports.

I am a member of Girl Scout Troop 1 of Avon Lake and I am a freshman at Avon Lake School this year.

I think that your fashions and patterns and good grooming are very wonderful, too.

MARIANNE ARNOLD (age 15)

TOPSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: Your article about the *Swiss Village* (January, 1949) was very interesting and about a month later my school donated over \$100 to the village. For weeks, almost everyone had a ladybug on his sweater.

I am in the seventh grade at Shore Country Day School.

LUCY PEIRCE (age 11)

ALDEN, MICHIGAN: I love to cook and sew. Your patterns and recipes are very helpful to me. I have quite a bit of trouble with my hair. *You Asked About Your Hair* was a great help.

I most certainly hate your covers because they are so dull. I wish you would put one on like the one on the January issue.

DOROTHY BERNHARDT (age 13)

NORTH BEND, OREGON: I think your article on *Sky Girls* was especially interesting.

If you have not yet had an article on dress designing, please have one.

CLARAGRACE STANBROUGH (age 13)

LIBERTY, NEW YORK: I love your patterns and got an idea for my class-party dress from them.

Teen Shop Talk is good also. Your magazine helps with our Girl Scout meetings and badges.

Why not have an article on hobbies and music?

JO ANN HUTCHINSON (age 13)

ETNA, PENNSYLVANIA: I am a Girl Scout in Troop 274. I liked *Scouting Around* very much. I also liked *Half a Dozen Steps* and *Terry and the Team* in the October issue. Please have more articles on international friendship. I have a pen pal in England and I am going to send her some of my copies.

ARLENE MOSKOVICH (age 12)

BIDDEFORD, MAINE: I am a Girl Scout and belong to Troop 4 of Biddeford. I thought *Terry and the Team* was swell. Your covers

(Continued on page 33)



Use these pre-Xmas sales points on your folks!

Tell them that, when you write with one hand, thoughts get ahead of words—get lost.

Tell them that writing with *two* hands on a new Gray Magic Royal Portable is fast and leaves your mind free to think.

Besides, many students have found that marks go up when school work is typed. And Royal Portable is preferred more than two to one by high-schoolers over any other make.

Check over these "big machine" features found only on the Royal Gray Magic Portable . . .



Magic* Margin! Position the carriage, flick the lever with one finger, and margin is automatically set.

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*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

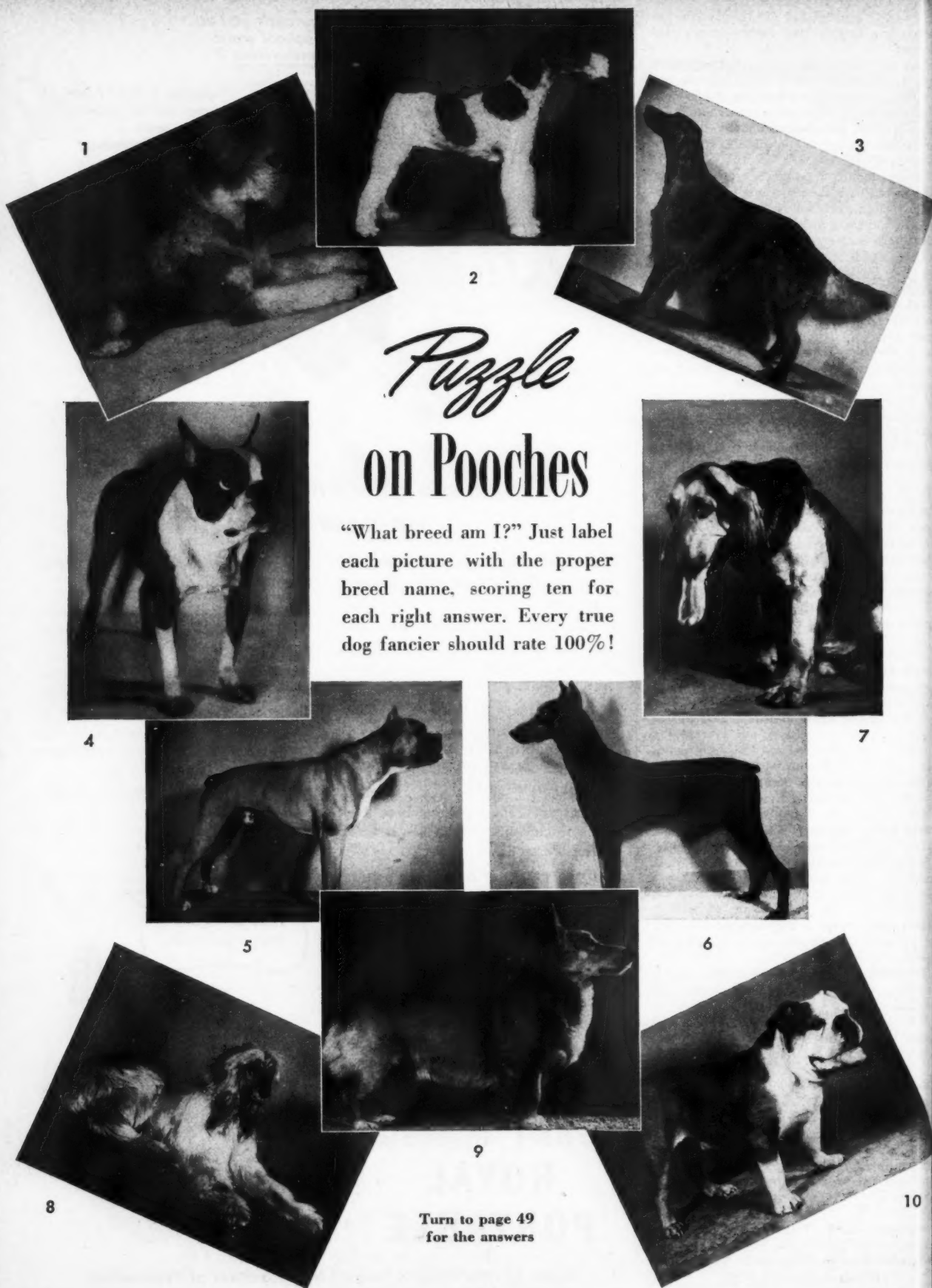
Remember, we prefer Royal Portable better than 2 to 1 over any other make!



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Puzzle on Pooches

"What breed am I?" Just label each picture with the proper breed name, scoring ten for each right answer. Every true dog fancier should rate 100%!

Turn to page 49
for the answers

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A Penny For Your Thoughts

(Continued from page 31)

are beautiful. I am interested in medicine and wish you would have an article on it.

MARY KEARNEY (age 13)

CRANMOOR, WISCONSIN: I'm a senior in high school. Journalism is my desired course, and I wish you would have an article or a story on it. I thought that *A Beautiful Spy* was a wonderful story. You should have more stories on history for I believe that I'm not alone in loving the subject. Your covers are delish—especially the October one. The background of George Washington Bridge fascinates me. I've traveled a lot and seen it in person.

SUE REZIN (age 15)

Note our article—"Women of the Press"—in the April, 1948 *AMERICAN GIRL*. Ed.

GRACE, IDAHO: I really enjoy your magazine and so do my mother and brother. Almost every time it comes we run to get it first. I usually let my brother read it first because he enjoys it so much.

My mother and I think your *Recipe Exchange* is a swell idea.

I really would like to see in your magazine a group of recipes for higher altitudes.

Could you have some suggestions for a Christmas party in one of the future issues?

MARION PACK (age 14)

We thought you might want some party suggestions. See "Party Calendar" on page 15 of our November, 1949 issue. Ed.

HICKORY, PENNSYLVANIA: Your article on stewardesses, called *Sky Girls*, was simply perfect. Since I am planning to be a stewardess I would like you to have more like it. Congratulations on a perfect magazine! I like best of all your *Jokes*, *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *Speaking of Movies*, and all beauty articles.

PEGGY WHITE (age 13)

BERWYN, PENNSYLVANIA: Your October issue was perfect in every way. Not too many fashions, and loads of stories and articles. *Sky Girls* was swell, written by real stewardesses. wasn't it? I know now for sure that I'll join them. *Garnet Lodge* is wonderful, too. *Pleasure Insurance* came along at just the right time because I've been having bike trouble.

BARBARA GODDARD (age 13)

DUNN, NORTH CAROLINA: I look forward to my copy of *The AMERICAN GIRL* monthly, because nothing can really take the place of your fashions, etc. I especially enjoyed your stories of *Terry and the Team* and *Garnet Lodge*, but I would love to read more about baseball, my favorite sport, since I am such a tomboy.

MARY TAYE WILLIFORD (13)
P. S. Recently broke my leg and your copy of *The AMERICAN GIRL* has helped very much to cheer me up. Oh, and I am a First Class Girl Scout.

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

THE END

Garnet Lodge

(Continued from page 13)

sprang out of the night, forming a path that led from the snowy ledge straight to the window of the yellow room. It was the same sort of path that makes its way from the projector to the screen in a darkened motion-picture theater. Almost instantly Jinky realized its significance.

Running down the corridor, she burst into the yellow room and turned away from the light to face the wall. Sure enough, the ghostly figure was moving from door to bureau in its smooth, effortless glide.

She must remember every detail for Cousin Larry. She must be absolutely sure this time. She had been right about the specks; they were caused by the snowflakes coming between projector and image! She had been right about everything except the toad. Quite definitely now she could see an old-fashioned, round, tobacco pouch.

Jinky raced back to her mother's room and got into the ski pants and shirt she had thrown across the bed when she undressed. Hot, choking anger robbed her of all caution. Someone had deliberately tricked her into believing Great-Uncle Stephen was haunting the Lodge. Well, she was going to find out who—right now!

Grabbing her flashlight, she ran toward the stairs.

"Who is it?" the professor called as she passed his room.

"Me," she replied without pausing.

WIND blew so strongly against her that it was hard to climb the embankment. Her feet kept sinking deep into the drifts. Once on top, though, it was easy to find the spot she was looking for. There was an old stump in the middle of a trampled area, its surface swept clear of snow. That must be where the projector had been set.

Snowshoe marks led off along the ridge. Jinky followed them, regretting with every step that she hadn't stopped to put on skis. Determination to track down whoever was ahead of her kept her plodding on, even though common sense told her she was doing a useless and dangerous thing.

When at last snow obliterated the tracks she was following, she stopped, desperately tired. She wondered if she could make it back to the Lodge. Perhaps if she sat down and rested a minute? No, she knew better than that.

She had to get back. She had to tell her father and mother and Cousin Larry. What was it she wanted to tell them? She must remember.

She stumbled and fell forward. It was so comfortable lying there in the snow. It wasn't fair that she must stay awake when she was so sleepy. The professor was asleep. So were Midge and Dick and Tony. Tony! She struggled to her feet. She had left the steam kettle on. Mother had said only twenty minutes!

She didn't have much farther to go. She could see the Lodge now, lights blazing in every window. Then she stumbled and fell again. She was going to get up. Really she was. In just a minute . . .

"Slap her—hard!" Dick's voice held all the enthusiasm of one who was about to try a remedy he'd never had a chance to practice. "I'll take the first sock if you don't want to."



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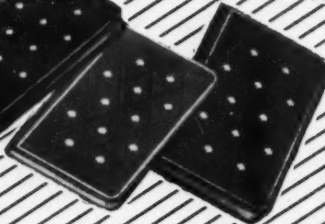
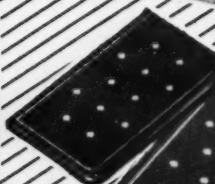
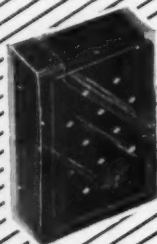
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"Do you really think it necessary?" The professor's mild tone deferred to eight-year-old positiveness. "She seems to be regaining consciousness."

Jinky tried to speak and wondered if anyone could hear her. The others seemed quite near, but she herself seemed a long way off. The slapping didn't materialize—not that she cared one way or the other. Time had turned into a series of disjointed moments, each quite clear in itself but having little connection with what went on before or afterward.

Skis were being fastened on her boots. Hands under her armpits tugged and lifted, and then she was standing.

That sawed-off stump. There was something about it that had seemed important once. Now she couldn't quite remember. She ran her hand over its surface, brushing new snow aside. She thought indignantly, people shouldn't leave glass around to cut someone, and tucked into her pocket the piece her hand had brushed across.

"Come on now, Jinky, side-step the way you showed us."

It was funny having Dick tell her what to do. They were on the edge of the embankment now. The solid, familiar door of the Lodge was right in front of her, near enough to touch. They were kicking off their skis, and Dick was teasing the professor about taking Tony's skis by mistake.

Tony! Her stiff hands yanked at the door and clumsy feet that refused to bend at the toes were running upstairs. She had left Tony steaming for hours!

But the cord of the kettle had been pulled from the socket, and Tony was sitting up in bed, wrapped in a blanket, with the professor's watch in his hand. "Gee, I was just going to call the firehouse," he said. "The Prof said to telephone if you weren't back in an hour."

WAITING up with the professor after Dick and Tony had gone back to sleep, Jinky explained why she had dashed out into the night. She was wide awake now, and all the separate bits of knowledge were rushing together, forming a picture that began to make sense, despite missing pieces. First, the ghost rumor; then the image thrown on the wall of the room where Midge should have been. Pete—her breath caught—Pete had thought the fire in the cabin was deliberately set. That worked in, too. Somebody was trying to frighten guests away from the Lodge, and it wasn't Great-Uncle Stephen! Al Hixie's lie about Mamie might be part of the pattern, too.

Perhaps the snowshoe tracks belonged to All A shiver of fear and revulsion ran along Jinky's spine, as she stopped to consider for the first time what might have happened. As her hands, thrust deep in her pockets, clenched involuntarily, something cut into her right palm. She drew out a piece of glass, the thickness of windowpane and the size of a matchbook, black except for a splash of white on one edge where it was broken in a jagged line. She laid it carefully on the arm of the sofa.

"You are going to inform your father as well as your mother?"

The professor's remark surprised her. Struggling back through the snow, she had known instinctively that it would be all right to tell her father. Now it seemed the professor knew that, too.

"Of course. This isn't the kind of worry

Cousin Larry was afraid of for Father—the kind you can't do anything about because there's nowhere to catch hold, and because you are believing in something you don't really believe in."

The professor nodded.

"Now that we know the ghost was a trick," Jinky rushed on, "we can be pretty sure that the rumor was started deliberately by the same person. Someone wants the Lodge to fail. It might be Al, if he had a reason. Or he might be working for someone else—the man who owns the Mountain House, perhaps, because we are cutting in on his trade."

Jinky's ears caught the faint sound of a horn. She ran to the window to see a car making the turn at the bottom of the hill.

"Father'll find out who's responsible. The rumor will be dead and forgotten before Miss Taylor's story is published. Everything will be just the way I pretended before supper—the Lodge will be crowded with guests, and we can live here forever."

"Jean, where did this come from?" The professor was limping painfully across the room holding the piece of glass in his handkerchief.

It was her fault that his leg was worse. remorse made her stay and answer when she wanted to dash out to the parking space. "The stump I told you about—" she began.

"Unless I'm mistaken, it's part of a slide from an old-fashioned magic lantern. I think I had better preserve it for your father." He folded his handkerchief carefully around the glass and placed it on the mantel.

Jinky was only half listening to him. She opened the door and knew at once that something was wrong. Miss Taylor and Mr. Matthews were alone and they were trying too hard to look casual. Jinky couldn't ask the question, that was stiffening on her tongue.

"Your father has had an accident. It isn't serious, but the doctor took him to the hospital for X-rays. Your mother went, too." Miss Taylor was untying her scarf with shaking hands. "It was my fault. Coming home, I tried to force the car through a drift, and we got stuck. Your father slipped and fell, just as he and Mr. Matthews had pushed us free. Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry that my stupidity has caused so much trouble!"

Mr. Matthews, cramming tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, turned to Jinky. "Your dad asked me to tell you that he was counting on you to take care of things here until he and your mother get back. He said, 'It certainly is lucky that Jinky's old enough to take charge.'"

HER FATHER'S confidence roused in Jinky a determination to be worthy of it. There were no instructions. He had just put her in charge. Perhaps if the X-rays showed a broken rib her parents wouldn't return in the morning. That would mean she would have to plan the meals tomorrow; arrange with Cousin Larry to drive the children and herself to the school bus; persuade the new cook to stay and double as nurse for Tony. Right now she ought to make coffee for Miss Taylor, who needed it badly.

Mr. Matthews followed Jinky into the kitchen. "Your father gave us some fine suggestions for pictures this evening." He

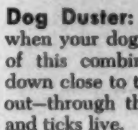
(Continued on page 36)

It's New!

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON



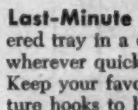
Tatch-a-Pad: Clamp this clever little gadget to the cover edge of any book for quick, handy note-taking. It gives you a firm, portable writing place when you're studying in bed, writing on a train or plane trip, or outdoors. There's a pencil attached, too, and it's all very inexpensive.



Dog Duster: Now you won't have to get dust all over everything when your dog needs de-bugging. The specially designed long teeth of this combination comb and insecticide-powder applicator get down close to the skin. When the bulb is squeezed, powder is forced out—through the teeth of the comb—right down to where the fleas and ticks live.



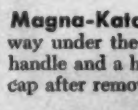
Drain Opener: Does that drain always clog just when you're busiest? With this device you can clear it in a few minutes. Just attach one end to your faucet, put the large pressure cup over the drain opening, and turn on hot water. The manufacturer explains that hydraulic water pressure expands the drain pipe enough so that water gets under the accumulated dirt and grease and forces it out.



Last-Minute Touches: Place this combination mirror and covered tray in a convenient spot in the kitchen, bedroom, or laundry—wherever quick primping may be necessary when the doorbell rings. Keep your favorite beauty accessories neatly arranged in it. Use picture hooks to hang it on the wall, or stand it on a little table.



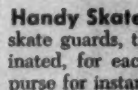
Magnetic Pin Bin: The walls of the five compartments of this colorful container consist of a gentle, lifetime magnet which keeps such items as bobby pins, hairpins, straight and safety pins, and needles standing upright, and prevents their spillage. The pins can be picked up one at a time, and the crested box top makes bobby-pin spreading a simple, one-handed operation.



Magna-Katch: Good-bye to flying bottle caps that land all the way under the sink! Here's a new bottle opener with a comfortable handle and a head that's magnetized. It captures and holds on to the cap after removing it. A welcome addition to every utensil shelf.



Pleasant Plug: A new electrical plug has cylindrical storage area in which surplus cord is wound. The cord plays in and out of the plug easily, thus freeing floor areas of unsightly and unsafe cordage.



Handy Skate Guard: With a pair of these one-piece, leather skate guards, the problem of storing guards while you skate is eliminated, for each unit can be folded and tucked away in pocket or purse for instant use whenever needed. Made in three sizes, designed to fit your hockey, figure, or racer skates, they're held to the blade by a flexible spring.

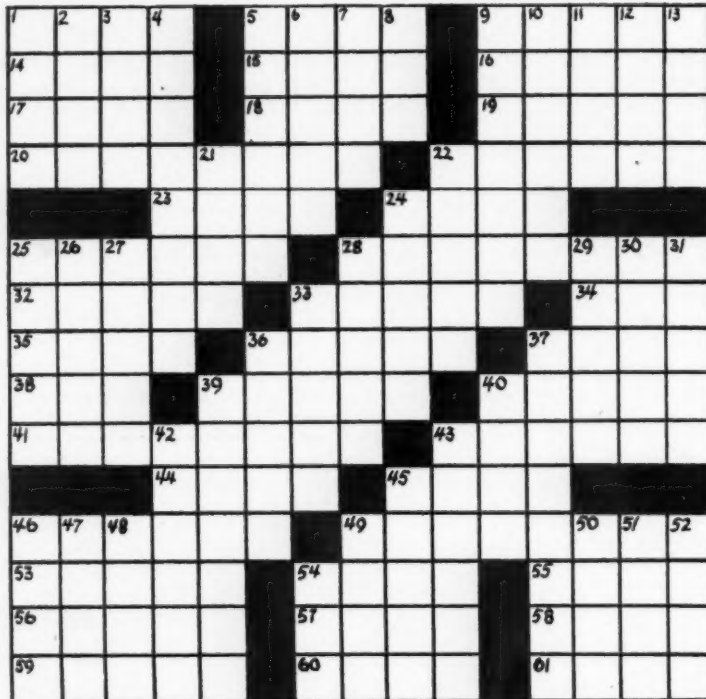


Dust Trap: Welcome on housecleaning days is a simple device that permits cleaning and shaking mops without scattering dust all over. Slipped over the mop handle, it covers the mop head completely—except for the bottom, which is left open so dust can be shaken into a suitable receptacle or upon wet newspaper. Made of gay plastic material, the mop cover itself is easy to keep clean.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New!" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by Dr. Harry Langman



ACROSS

1. Molten rock
3. Legume
9. Nonpoetic writing
14. Aid
15. Leer
16. Transmit payment
17. Fat of meat
18. Snatch
19. Musical drama
20. Foreigner
22. Cubic meters
23. Sect
24. Manner
25. Small scythe
28. Faithful
32. Fish basket
33. Fur-bearing animal
34. Viscous substance
35. Part of shoe heel
36. Damages
37. Stupor
38. Small Siamese coin
39. Stunned
40. Removed skeleton
41. Annoyed
43. Ebb

DOWN

44. Prognostication
45. Seep
46. Gentlewomen
49. Tolerable
53. Afflictions
54. Tins
55. Entrance
56. Numeral
57. Singing voice
58. Dash
59. To exchange
60. Serf
61. A small quantity
1. Young lady
2. Be adjacent to
3. Change direction
4. Assaulted
5. To do anything awkwardly
6. Bird's plume
7. Pertaining to wing
8. Tip of pen
9. Complain
10. Regret
11. Hebrew liquid measure
12. Male parent

13. Greek letters
21. Of no value
22. Trigonometric ratios
24. Shifted
25. A bit
26. Angered
27. American coins
28. Quoted
29. Expiate
30. Called
31. Business
33. Cheat in petty way
36. Female horses
37. Hat decorations
39. Landed estate
40. Large animal
42. Labored
43. Logic
45. Slow (music)
46. For fear that
47. Declare
48. Prima donna
49. Bulky package
50. Malay knife
51. Rich earth
52. Sea eagle
54. Small hat

For solution, turn to page 39

Garnet Lodge

(Continued from page 35)

pulled a list from his pocket. "Sari's angle is going to be that the townspeople are as enthusiastic skiers as the visitors. We go farther north tomorrow to do a feature on lumbering, coming back here Friday to get the week-end crowd. Will you check the list with me and tell us whom to contact in advance for certain shots?"

Jinky took the list. Ski hut, towlines, slopes and trails on mountain, arrival of morning train. These would need no arranging. Inside of lounge, featuring bear. She would have to think of some way to fill the lounge with people, so it would look popular.

Then her heart gave an unhappy little thump. If only Pete and the Outing Club could have been here for that picture!

For local celebrities there were Fred at the lunchwagon and Beth Smith at the five-and-ten.

"They were last year's winners of down hill and slalom," she explained to Mr. Matthews. "I'll ask them to be on hand Saturday."

Water rushed into the top of the percolator, filling the kitchen with the fragrance of coffee. There were only two more lines on the paper, but Jinky never saw what her father's last suggestions had been.

From somewhere out in the night, deeper than the sudden blast of wind that shook the windowpanes, came a dull roar.

(To be continued)

Christmas in Carthage

(Continued from page 7)

giant cloudburst for all to scramble after!"

It was the longest of all Bianca's long speeches. Her eyes glowed like black diamonds. Her brown skin was flooded with color. Ann, looking up at her, had a sudden understanding of how homesick a person might be, so far away from all of the dear, familiar holiday customs.

And then Dick Wheeler, with an expression of great patience, sighed, "Very interesting. Now if that's over, let's get on with our meeting. The girls can make the crepe-paper streamers—"

The warm color drained from Bianca's cheeks, and the wide smiling mouth drooped a little at the corners. Ann's kind heart gave a painful thump, and abruptly she couldn't bear that Bianca should be so silent. For weeks Ann had wanted nothing else, but now that it had happened, she found it was awful.

For the first time in her life, she scrambled to her feet in a class meeting. She didn't know what she was going to say, but she had to say something—anything to fill the big chunk of silence left by Bianca.

"My goodness, Dick, you sound awfully silly, running on about your old crepe paper when Bianca has just given us the sharpest idea any class ever had! Why, it'd be wonderful to fix up a real Mexican Christmas for the party, with a—a pinata like she said, and a procession, and the gym decorated like a fiesta! I guess you aren't used to new ideas, Dick Wheeler, not to see it right off. Why, if you don't grab at it, you must be just a—just a dope!"

The words were out—the horrible, breath-taking, calamitous words! Ann, listening to them echo thunderously through the gym, felt that she would never dare set foot in Carthage Junior High again. She'd run away. She'd pack her things and "hitch the ride" with the Quirosos. Her life here was ended. She'd called the class president a dope.

And then—was it possible—another voice was filling the great, echoing silence. A doubtful, appeasing voice. Dick Wheeler's.

"Well, gosh, Ann, maybe you're right. Come to think about it, it does have possibilities. Big possibilities. And with Bianca here to tell us how to do it—how about it, kids, want to take a vote?"

Under cover of the roar of "Ayes!" Bianca piped up happily, "You see, Ann? It is as I told you. All it needs is that you lift the voice!"

Suddenly Ann, glancing quickly at Bianca, had a moment's grave suspicion. All these days when she'd thought she'd been looking out for Bianca, which one of them really had been the albatross?

But then it didn't matter at all. For there was so much joy surrounding Ann that it made a rich, warm, Christmasy glow inside her. And yes—Bianca was right—the glow was definitely in the stomach!

THE END

Polonaise

(Continued from page 9)

"Fired!" echoed Peggy. "Most certainly not!"

"You don't mean Gerald took my place?"

"Not Gerald, Joe!"

"Who then? Quick! Tell me!"

"Your Paddy himself! Ignace Jan Paderewski sat at your piano, on your stool!" Joe stared at her as though he were dreaming. "It can't be true!"

"But it is," she answered, smiling at his amazement. "And, oh Joe, such music! Polonaises! Mazurkas! Marches! While the sheriff chased the bad men of Deadman's Gulch!"

"I simply can't believe it!"

"You never heard such applause," continued Peggy. "And then what do you think?"

"I'm too dazed to think."

"He made a speech! A speech about you!"

"Me! Oh Peg, what did he say?"

"Well," she began, "he put up a hand to quiet the clapping. 'Ladies and Gentlemen!' he said. 'I have played for you tonight because my young friend and yours, Joe Nellis, is ill. He is a fine musician who polishes his talent with hard work. Some day you will be proud of him. Sickness and pain come to all of us in the course of our lives. It was sickness and pain that first brought me here to your friendly town and to your healing springs. Now I know you will join me in wishing your young friend Joe Nellis a rapid recovery. And so good night and a Merry Christmas!'"

Joe seized both her hands.

"Peggy darling, what a wonderful Christmas after all! You're sure I'm not fired?"

"Of course not! Pa's not only proud as a peacock of his pianist, but he's going to raise your salary!"

THE END



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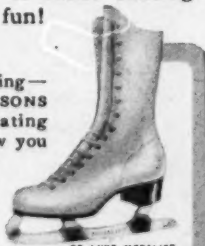
To own JOHNSONS is to own the best—the choice of amateurs and professionals alike for more than fifty years! They're styled right, priced right—the skates that rate tops with the crowd! Every skate is a model of precision balance, designed to make skating easier, faster, more fun!



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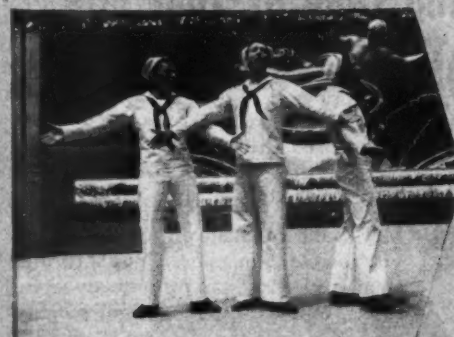
SPEAKING OF MOVIES



PINKY—This is a fine story dealing with the question of racial prejudice, in which Jeanne Crain is a light-skinned Negro girl who goes North to study nursing and passes for white. Returning to the South to visit her washerwoman grandmother, Ethel Waters, she runs into problems. The death of a Southern aristocrat (Ethel Barrymore) helps to solve Pinky's dilemma by showing her how she can best help her people.



STARS IN MY CROWN—is an inspiring page from American history, with Joel McCrea playing the role of the Civil War cavalryman who becomes a crusading preacher in a frontier community. He has to use both tact and fists to bring order to the town. Ellen Drew is his patient wife, young Dean Stockwell is fine as the preacher's nephew, and there are excellent performances by both James Mitchell and Amanda Blake.



ON THE TOWN—is the screen version in color of one of Broadway's biggest musical hits of the past few years. It's about three sailors (Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, and Jules Munshin) who have a twenty-four-hour pass in which to see New York City. Gene falls in love with a "Miss Turnstiles," whose picture he has seen in the subway, and sets out to find her. Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, and gay songs and dances all add to the fun.



SAMSON AND DELILAH—Cecil B. de Mille has taken the Old Testament tale of the fabulous Samson and turned it into a movie. Many Hollywood details have been added, but it is a wonderful spectacle leading up to the dramatic scene of the destruction of the temple. Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr are starred, and George Sanders, Angela Lansbury, Henry Wilcoxon, and Olive Deering make a splendid supporting cast.

by Carol Crane

Curtain Going Up

(Continued from page 15)

before rehearsals, writing business into his script, then working it out with the actors at rehearsal. Behind all stage business, of course, lies the rule that for every motion, there must be a logical reason. And, in addition, the stage must be always attractively balanced. The characters will never stand in straight lines, but will follow a triangular pattern.

Usually the director will not ask a cast to begin learning lines until after the business is fairly definitely set. When business and lines are learned together, they become a co-ordinated whole and thus avoid the appearance of having been thrown together as an afterthought. It may be as late as the third rehearsal before the director will tell you to begin learning lines.

Many faults make a play seem "amateurish." Two are particularly common and easily avoided. One is a tendency on the part of inexperienced actors to move aimlessly about the stage or, equally bad, to stand rooted to one spot. Remember: when you move, you move for a reason—because the character you are playing would be so motivated. Even shifting your weight idly from one foot to the other tells a story. It conveys the impression of a definite type. Is that the type person you are playing?

Another bad habit of many amateurs is that of reading incomplete lines as though they were complete. Such a line as "I was coming over, but—" certainly is not complete. The character has started a thought and has been interrupted. Allowing your voice to drop after the "but" is a sure mark of the amateur. A device called "bridging" is helpful. Complete the sentence mentally, plan what you would have said had you not been interrupted, and you'll keep the inflection up on the "but," and the speech will sound lifelike.

AT THIS point you have a play, a director, a well-chosen cast, a rehearsal schedule, and yet this involved business of play production is only started! Your play also needs a production staff, a business manager, and a whole retinue of assistants. Let's take the production staff first.

If new scenery is to be built, your most talented artist will draw a suggested sketch for the setting. After the sketch has been okayed by the director, working drawings must be made and turned over to the stage carpenter—that's the girl whose father has taught her all about saws and hammers and nails! She'll need a building and paint crew—a bunch of hardy souls who don't mind putting on overalls and ruining manures to construct the setting. When the scenery is completed, a stage crew, with the stage manager as generalissimo, takes over, erecting the set, making it conform in every way to the play; and eventually doing the cleanup job after the play is over. The stage manager is really king or queen of the backstage area. All the other crews—lighting, sound, property, and costume—are directly answerable to her, and she, in turn, to the director.

The tasks of the lighting and sound crews are obvious. A bell jangling on exactly the right line, or a sudden flash of lightning at the psychological moment take more than one rehearsal to set. All special effects should be worked into the play several times be-

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fore the dress rehearsal. As for the hard-working costume and property crews, the best choices are people with lots of friends, preferably friends with big attics and old trunks full of "finds"! Be very sure, too, that they are endowed with a strong sense of responsibility and will be as quick to return as they were to borrow. Both those who have found and borrowed the costumes and props, and the actors who use them, have a share in the responsibility for their care.

UNLESS the actors are trained in the application of their own make-up, it is often wise to have a small make-up crew, composed of girls who really understand something about the subtle art of making up for the stage. For further help they may want to send to the Max Factor studios in Hollywood for a student make-up kit, and a series of make-up instruction pamphlets covering most common stage types. The kits (male and female) may be bought for a nominal sum, and one male and one female kit would easily take care of all the make-up for several average-size casts. Yet again, right in your town, you may find a co-operative, make-up expert who will take the responsibility for this important job at your dress rehearsal and for all your performances.

There is one more person who is essential to the production staff—a prompter. No matter how well lines have been learned, any actor may "blow up" and need help from the wings. If the stage is very wide, it may even be a good idea to have a prompter at the right and at the left sides of the stage.

No matter how gifted all these people

ANSWER

to Crossword Puzzle on page 36

L	A	V	A	B	E	A	N	P	R	O	S	E
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are, their efforts will be wasted if the business manager and staff are not competent and hard working. It is the business manager's task, first of all, to arrange for a place to give the play—a church, a school auditorium, a lodge hall—and to make whatever financial arrangements necessary for loan or rental of the building. It is he or she who handles the payment of royalty, if your

group has chosen a royalty play. (Usually, a check for the royalty should be mailed to the publisher of the play two weeks in advance of the production date.) The business manager will work with the ticket committee, the advertising and publicity committee, the program committee, the ushers, and the ticket takers, and is especially careful to see that appropriate acknowledgment is made on the program to individuals and to firms who have loaned furniture or clothing or helped with the play in any way. No one's name, however small his contribution, should be overlooked.

Finally, the business manager must remember to call on or write to the nearest office of internal revenue and ask for forms which must be filled out when a "pay" public production is given. After the play, these forms must be returned, properly filled out, with the correct remittance due the Government as admission tax.

A play is so much more than just a group of people speaking lines. It takes the labor of many whom the audience never sees—as well as the efforts of the actors and the director—to make a play a living, breathing thing. Unless they all work together, putting the play first and their own individual importance last, the hit you're dreaming of may very well be a flop!

It all sounds a lot more complicated than dressing up in high-heeled shoes and old lace curtains, doesn't it? It is, but it's even more fun—fun for you, and for all of those who watch you make the world of make-believe come alive. Go ahead—give a play. It's work, but it's worth it!

THE END

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Winter Weekend

Girl Scouts take to the hills and woods for
good fun . . . good eating . . . good cheer

BR-RR! It's cold outside! But that doesn't mean that you must hibernate for the next few months. A winter weekend can be just as much fun as a summer camping trip.

Cold-weather camping, however, is no spur-of-the-moment undertaking. It means planning ahead for just what will be needed, day and night. Say a group of you, Girl Scouts from one or more troops, are dreaming of such a trip. How many are going? Where? What should you take along—to wear, to eat, to sleep on?

Ten Senior Scouts with two of their leaders from Montclair, New Jersey, spent a wonderful winter weekend at their Girl Scout Council's cabin. As you gather from the pictures, they had all the ingredients for a successful camping trip—a snug shelter, warm clothing, plenty of appetizing

food, and necessary sports equipment.

Snow makes for fun, of course. But snow or no, a winter camping trip can be crowded with fascinating activities—hiking, trail blazing, nature hunts, photography, studying stars in brilliant winter skies, or identifying trees by bark and branches; perhaps skating, if the ice is safe.

Start now to plan an outdoor weekend later this winter. If your Girl Scout council has no cabin, there are many other possible camp sites, such as a near-by youth hostel, a State or National Park with shelters. Perhaps a parent or council member will loan the use of a summer cottage. A site chosen, you can really get busy with preparations to make your weekend a bang-up success!

THE END

Left: Here they are at last—the whole, long weekend stretching ahead! The weatherman predicted “Cold with possible snow,” and the Girl Scouts are ready for it with plenty of light, warm clothing, skis and snowshoes, and hearty, plain food. Actually, weeks of planning lie behind these few days, and each girl knows her share in the chores. The Food Committee has had practice cook-outs, and last Saturday a group hiked out to the Girl Scout cabin to make the woodpile shipshape



Above: Fresh deer tracks! The animal, apparently a full-grown one, has been to the pond for water, or foraging for moss and lichen on its windswept banks. By watching this spot quietly in the early morning or late afternoon—usual feeding times—the campers stand an excellent chance of catching a glimpse of the creature. They'll keep on the alert for other animal tracks, too: squirrel, rabbit, and maybe the white-footed mouse



Above: Everyone is sleepy after the first day in the outdoors, so after a good-night sing, it's early to bed. The barn lantern—cleaned, filled, and carefully lighted—will be hung up at the latrine door, and the old pot-bellied stove (right foreground) has been stoked for the night. Here, members of the Breakfast Crew discuss plans for the flapjacks and syrup



Left: The nesting season seems a long way off, but it's wise to put up birdhouses now—all set for spring's firstcomers. In a winter woodworking project, this Girl Scout made the simple wren house, and now the Forester is helping her find the perfect location for it, high enough above ground level to make the feathered tenant feel safe and secure

Below: Summer or winter, a good camper uses the resources at hand. Here, clean melted snow provides plenty of boiling water for the most delicious cocoa in the world. The weekenders have just hiked the trail around camp boundaries, stopping for an outdoor lunch, cooked over a roaring "hunter's fire." The Lunch Committee went first, carrying along kindling and their food supplies

by **HARRIET WARREN**
Photos by Paul Parker

Below: And this is the time of day many winter campers remember longest and love best of all—a long, cozy evening of relaxing around the fire. It's the time to talk over today's events and plan those for tomorrow; to sing some favorite songs; play a game or put on an amusing skit or two, perhaps. There are fresh-roasted apples and popped corn, some of it to be strung in garlands and hung on a limb for the birds' breakfast



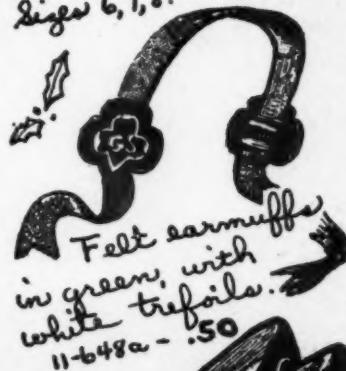
CHRISTMAS STARS to top her list



Perky green and
white wool cap.
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Felt earmuffs
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Larchmont, New York Scouts attach cards to a model of their Christmas "Friendship Tree"

• **Christmas trees** decked with shining ornaments and gay lights will, of course, brighten every community this season. In some towns there will be, besides, an "International Friendship Tree," symbolizing the friendly relations between the town and an "adopted" town abroad. Larchmont, New York, originated the plan this fall. They have a mutual exchange of handmade, holiday greeting cards with the French town of Abbeville, and all members of the community who wish to may participate, children and adults alike. At the Christmas ceremonies in both towns, trees in town halls and schools will be decorated with the cards that have been received, taped to the branches. The decorated trees will stand as symbols of the good will that has developed between the towns. Larchmont's Girl Scouts, who last year sent jelly beans to the children in Abbeville, are playing an active part in the program. To see how their cards will look on the tree, they taped some on a miniature model ahead of time. (See photograph at left.) A number of other communities in this country are also having International Friendship Trees, exchanging greeting cards with different towns in England, Scotland, France, Sweden, and Finland.

• **News of an exciting** trip camp, gypsy style, comes from Girl Scouts who took to the trail from Camp Barree in Logan State Forest, Pennsylvania. Ten girls, two camp counselors, and the unit leader made the trip.

It was a walking trip, but the girls had no heavy packs to carry on their backs. For transporting their gear, they had a mule hitched to a wagon. And what a mule! Jack, they christened him, as they learned how to get him in harness. That mule contributed largely to the fun and liveliness of the expedition—and he also added much to its difficulties.

The day they were to start the trip camp, Jack arrived with his master (who did not go along with the girls). The wagon was loaded, the mule harnessed, and the campers were on their way. Jack started off at a good clip—so good that he hadn't gone twenty yards before he hit a tree. The whole load had to be repacked. Finally they made a second start and reached their overnight camp site late in the afternoon. Jack stayed put, as he should, all night. Next day the country began to get

Headline News in Girl Scouting

Dressed in their pastel gowns and bonnets, Girl Scouts are picturesque guides for a museum in Altoona, Pennsylvania

Altoona Mirror



mountainous and continued hilly for the rest of their journey. On the upgrades, the Scouts had to get behind the wagon and push. Each day, they declare, they worked harder than the mule. The second night the girls expected Jack to be as quiet and docile as the night before. But you never can tell about a mule! He ran away, and if the campsite hadn't been in a fenced area, they might be looking for him still! For Jack was really a stubborn mule, and after being captured and tied, he snapped his rope and disappeared again. After that, you may be sure, the campers tethered him most securely each night with strong rope.

Although the campers had mule trouble most of the way, that didn't prevent their having a wonderful time. At each camping spot they followed old gypsy customs, leaving flowers and green leaves on the grass to show that gypsies had been there. When they reached their final campsite, in a pine forest near an abandoned shale pit, they really dug in and made camp, for here they were to stay several days. They made a fireplace, an oven, garbage pits and drains, and other comforts. They enjoyed swimming in the ice-cold gypsy pool, held an inspiring Scouts' Own at sunrise on Sunday morning, and were initiated into a "Gypsy Circle." Back at Camp Barree again, their wanderings over, all of the travelers felt that they had really followed the Gypsy Trail.

• **For the second year** in succession, Girl Scout Troop 37, Altoona, Pennsylvania, volunteered their services as guides for the public in a beautiful old mansion in their community. This mansion is owned by the Blair County Historical Society, and serves as a museum of early Pennsylvania culture. The eleven girls in the troop worked on a regular schedule on Wednesday evenings and Saturday afternoons, and each guide wore a ribbon badge in Girl Scout green with her name and "Girl Scout Guide" on it in big yellow letters. This August Altoona celebrated its centennial year, and a plan was worked out to have the Girl Scout guides wear authentic 1849 costumes for the week of the observance. Each girl wore a pastel cotton dress with a crinoline and a bonnet, and the different pastel colors added so much to the scene that they adopted the costumes as their official guide uniforms for the rest of the season. Each day during the Centennial, the museum welcomed an average of a thousand guests, and the Scouts worked all day. It was a long, hot job, but the girls showed their facility for remembering all the facts of interest about the museum. As an outgrowth of this project, some of the Scouts have volunteered to help restore articles in the museum. According to reports they are as enthusiastic over rubbing a dough tray with linseed oil as they are over a cook-out. All of them have fun and are learning new skills; and some of them have already added up a total of 120 hours of public service.

• **With Christmas in the air**, probably many Girl Scouts are rehabilitating dolls and toys for children who might not have any Christmas playthings. But it may not have occurred to many Scouts that this activity could continue all the year round. Girl Scouts of Pueblo,

California discovered that it could, when they undertook to rehabilitate dolls for the use of the children four to seven years old in the playground programs conducted at various parks in their city. Dolls that had seen two years' service at summer playgrounds were cleaned, repaired, and redressed during the winter months as a troop project. Because dressing and undressing dolls is a favorite pastime with doll lovers, the Scouts provided an extra set of clothing for each doll, a closet for the storage of the extra clothing, and new coiffures for old. Besides having the satisfaction of making the children happier, they have also partially completed requirements for three of their Girl Scout proficiency badges.

• **When the call** first went out for girls interested in a horseback-riding project in the Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, area, the Girl Scout offices were flooded with applicants. So a group of Intermediates was selected as "Trail Blazers," to train as a study group and to help other Scouts with their book requirements.

The Trail Blazers met every Friday evening in a library clubroom to discuss such books as "Justin Morgan Had a Horse," "Riding," "Light Horses," "Heads Up and Heels Down," "First Aid to Animals," and "Care of Animals." The girls also made notes and collected clippings for their Horsemanship's scrapbook. At the end of six weeks, arrangements were made with a stable for riding instructions. Because the parents of some of the younger girls felt that riding boots and breeches would be outgrown too quickly, blue jeans and sport shoes were substituted. Only three in the group had ridden before, and they had used Western saddles. With English saddles being used, all of them had to start almost from scratch.

During the summer months, when the horses were so much in demand for other riders, there was not time for the girls to groom their own mounts. Throughout the fall, however, the Scouts groomed, saddled, and unsaddled their horses each time they rode.

A long cross-country breakfast ride celebrated the completion of the project. At breakfast the girls were awarded their Horsemanship badges, which they wear proudly, since they are the first Scouts in the area to earn them.

• **Interested in knitting?** In making sweaters, socks, caps, and toys for yourself or for gifts? Whether you have knitted before or have never click two needles together, you'll get some wonderful help out of an illustrated booklet which has been prepared especially for Girl Scouts by the Wool Bureau in New York City. It's available free to Girl Scout leaders for the use of their troop members, so if you'd like to have a copy, ask your leader to write for "Wool 'Round the Year," The Wool Bureau, Inc., 16 West 46th Street, New York 19, New York. You will get not only complete directions for making many attractive articles of wool felt and yarn, but also how-to-knit instructions for the beginner, and easy patterns for classic knitted fashions. In addition, you'll find chapters on the care of wool, shopping for woolen fabrics—even one on the many interesting processes and workings of a textile mill.

THE END



THE AMERICAN GIRL

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.



A cross-country breakfast ride climaxes the riding program of Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, Girl Scouts. These girls are the first in their community to be awarded the horsemanship badge.



by Marjorie Cline

Design For Ann. By DARLENE GEIS. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$2.25. If you make your own clothes, like to dream up novel accessories, sketch original designs, and plan to be a designer some day, you'll be interested in this. And if you are shy and awkward at parties and around boys, you'll love it. Ann Crawford's family are definitely in the upper income brackets and you will find her background of hotel suites in Chicago and New York, dining and dancing in exotic restaurants, skating at Rockefeller Center, meeting the editors of a leading teen-age magazine, decidedly glamorous. All this did not come to Ann without suffering. She felt herself to be an ugly duckling and, although she could be witty and gay when alone with her parents or her best friend, girls *en masse* and boys individually and collectively scared her stiff. She hated the parties and gay times her mother expected her to enjoy, and her one comfort was the fun she had with the original designs she sketched outside of art school. You can imagine her delight when her sketches, displayed in a school hobby show, won recognition that led all sorts of exciting events. This isn't the kind of a career novel that will blueprint your path to a future in designing, but it is gay and fun to read, more for the interest of Ann's development into a poised young lady than for her unusual success as a teen-age designer.

Enchanted Caravan. By DOROTHY GILMAN BUTTERS. Macrae-Smith Company, \$2.50. Marvelous characters and delicious humor make this an enchanting story. You can imagine Jennie Margaret's emotions as she waited at the orphanage for Jeremy Peel, the father she hadn't seen since she was an infant, twelve years earlier. But who could think that he would drive up in a bus that had been turned into a sort of combination home and knife-sharpening business? Or that the round, serious, quiet Jeremy had once been a clown in the circus? And as if junketing off in a caravan for the summer weren't enough to turn Jennie Margaret wild with delight, all sorts of fantastic and exciting adventures began to happen as the bus expanded to take in a varied collection of people. There was

the stowaway, Reuben, who found a haven in the enchanted caravan when he was escaping from a cruel and miserly foster father. When the beautiful Anabel Lee, in a borrowed car, smashed into the bus, wrecking the knife-sharpening end, it didn't look like a blessing. But Anabel was a super sort of press agent, in whose bright lexicon there were no such words as fear or failure. It was her calm performance of the seemingly impossible that proved the mainspring of the success and happiness of the assorted group. Then there was Mr. Falloodey, the artist failure who decorated the bus and helped in an exciting rescue. If you want to be amused and entertained, this is the book for you.

You Can Write. By F. FRASER BOND. Sentinel Books, \$.60. This is a comprehensive, inexpensive book for you who like to write. The author, a professional writer, gives the reader the benefit of his experience in presenting theoretical and practical information on the technique of writing in easy-to-read compact form. For instance, in discussing the mystery he advises, "Put your readers in a mood to be scared, and they will shriek at a mouse; fail to so prepare them, and they will look skeptically and unblinkingly at a monster." Then he proceeds to tell you how to do it. The book is divided into sections on: The Art of Writing Fiction, Writing for the Newspaper, Writing the "Feature" and Magazine Article, Writing Opinion, The Essay and the Editorial, Writing for the Theater, Writing for the Radio. After reading each part, it might be fun to try your hand at a sample of each, and who knows what unexpected flair for writing you may discover? The author has added a list of standard books on various techniques which he recommends to those interested in more specialized study. Here's to fun with your goose quill or typewriter!

Betty Loring, Illustrator. By JESSICA LYON. Julian Messner, \$2.50. If you are one of the many who plan an art career, you won't want to miss this book. The author is herself an illustrator, so she has first-hand knowledge of all the things her heroine had to learn after art school before she felt at home in her profession. The book is good reading, too, for a nice romance and an in-

triguing mystery embellish the story of Betty Loring, a shy art-school graduate, who found her own niche through peddling the work of a talented, popular classmate, Andrea Steele. Strangely enough, it was timid, retiring Betty who finally helped not only the stricken Andrea but also a successful fashion artist, the mysterious Anna Lea. Betty's contacts with her other classmates present glimpses of varied art careers. The New York background—suburbs, Washington Square hotels, Greenwich Village studios, business and publishing offices—and the characters—ambitions, modern young people, lively and full of fun—the natural dialogue and brisk pace, all contribute to an entertaining career story.

Greek Myths. By OLIVIA COOLIDGE. Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$2.75. You may be familiar with some of these stories of the gods, goddesses, and heroes of ancient Greece, but they seem fresh and new in this lively, forceful telling. As the author says in her introduction, in spite of their great age we still enjoy these legends, through which a poetic people explained the forces of nature, because they are good stories, and we can still understand them because they are about nature and people. Fresh from these pages, we'll wager you won't see a spider without remembering the story of Arachne, or watch white clouds scudding across the sky without thinking of the theft of Apollo's white cattle by his crafty brother Hermes.

Adventure on the Potomac. By DOROTHY LEAVITT. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$2.75. How about visiting Washington as the children of a congressman would see it for the first time? In this book, the three Cabitor youngsters accompany their father to the capital for his first term in Congress. They learn a lot about their Government by watching Congress in action. They explore the famous buildings—the Capitol, White House, Library of Congress, Smithsonian Institution, and Mount Vernon. They visit the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the National Art Gallery, the National Cathedral. And all this is spiced by an exciting hunt for a missing G. I. in whom they are interested. If you are planning to go to Washington, or if you enjoy getting acquainted with well-known places through travel books, make a note that this is good reading about your capital.

The Mystery of The Eighth Horse. By MARTHA LEE POSTON. Thomas Nelson and Sons, \$2.50. Detective-story fan Bob Sullivan is unexpectedly plunged into a real mystery when he visits the son of his father's partner in China. While their fathers are away, the boys unearth a cache of jewels and seven of the eight fabulous jade horses carved centuries ago for an imperial bride. Fearful of the Dragon's Claw, a ruthless bandit gang operating in the vicinity, the boys make a vain appeal to a great Chinese detective. Forced to guard the treasure alone, they are hard put to outwit the wily bandits, and face danger even more often than they realize. There is not much difference between the things the American boy and the Chinese boy find interesting, or in the way they use their wits and back each other up in tight corners. You will enjoy them and the action and excitement in this story, with its background of modern China which the author knows well. THE END

Get Ready, Get Set

(Continued from page 18)

choose a firm, closely woven material you won't even need to hem; just trim very neatly and then fringe the edges. Perhaps, with Mother's permission, you'll try tinting an old, yellowed tablecloth in some new, exciting tone.

Next, the centerpiece. There should be some sort of decoration, however simple, and it should be low enough, of course, so that it doesn't obstruct the view or conceal the face of any guest. If fresh flowers aren't available, try an interesting combination of green leaves and vines, or a figurine, a basket of fruit or gourds, a collection of candles on a mirrored base. You probably don't need to be told that candles are invaluable atmosphere-softeners!

Now about plates, utensils, and such. Everything should be washed and polished till it gleams, and placed on the table by hands so clean and dry that they won't leave fingerprints. The actual placement is a pretty simple maneuver, really. A basic place-setting runs like this (reading from left to right): napkin (lengthwise), dinner fork, salad fork, dinner plate (or decorative service plate, if you're being ultraformal, with napkin folded and placed in the center of the plate), dinner knife, dessert or other spoon, soup spoon. The only fork that ever goes to the right of the plate is an oyster fork, and an unalterable rule is that silver is arranged so that the outermost implement on either side is the one which is used first—from there the diner simply works in. The butter plate, with the butter knife placed straight across the upper rim, is set to the left of the place plate above the tines of the

fork, and the water glass is placed above the point of the knife at the right. Any other glasses should be put to the right of this.

Be sure salt and pepper dishes or shakers, well filled, and small dishes of salted nuts and mints, if they are to be served, are on the table before you announce dinner. Water glasses should be filled with chilled water just before the guests are seated. Ice in the glasses, incidentally, is not considered correct. Most people dislike having a small iceberg crash against their teeth every time they take a sip, and besides, it makes the glasses perspire, and leaves rings on the tablecloth.

Butter, too, goes on just before your guests sit down. Little balls are a nice note, and fun to do with either butter or margarine. You can make them in advance simply by scooping out neat spheres with a round measuring spoon, or by rolling with special paddles which are available at hardware stores for about a quarter.

THE ONLY other food that is supposed to be on the table when the diners sit down is a soup cracker or two on each butter plate; and sticklers consider it incorrect for any hot food to be dished up in advance. However, when the hostess is doing her own serving, it's pleasanter to wait till soup's on to announce dinner, so that she can sit down to the first course with her guests. So if you're the waitress, put your first course on the table just before you light the candles. And if it's intended to be hot, be sure that it's very hot. Warm the dishes by running them under hot water, or by setting them for a moment in a barely warm oven.

If you're serving something cold, like tomato juice cocktail, clam juice, or a jellied

Open Now!

The Recipe Exchange

• The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your favorite recipes will be published. All entries for the March issue must reach us by December 15.

• Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." For the March issue it is to be FISH. So select your favorite fish recipe, test it once more for accuracy, and send it to us. Remember: ONLY recipes for FISH will be considered for the March issue, and your recipe MUST be one that you yourself have used successfully—one that you and your family especially enjoy.

• JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

Here are the rules. Follow them carefully.

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper only.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, state your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.



"Got a coupla towels, Mom?"



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AG 12-49

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THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

soup, fill the glasses or bowls and slip them into the refrigerator about an hour before dinner. Incidentally, a first course such as a cup of soup or glass of tomato juice is served on its own saucer or small plate, which is placed directly on the service or dinner plate.

Salad, if it's going to be served as a separate course, follows the main dish, but if you want to streamline serving it's better to put the empty salad plates on the table at the beginning of the meal (at the extreme left of the setting) and then pass a bowlful of salad as soon as the vegetables have been served. It is neither good etiquette nor good sense to dish up the salad in advance and have it wilting on the table when the guests sit down.

You may, if you're very well staffed, do a fancy dessert service with doilies and finger-bowls, but more likely you'll want to include the dessert spoon in the original setting and bring in the dessert, in individual dishes, on a tray.

THAT's about all there is to the setting and serving of a regular sit-down dinner. A buffet, of course, is a different matter—and it's a fine party idea, particularly if space is a problem. The same silverware, glasses, and plates will be trotted out, but the arrangement is naturally, somewhat different, the idea being that guests serve themselves from a central source, then eat informally wherever it's comfortable and convenient. Sometimes food and utensils are arranged on a sideboard, and guests find seats around the dining table, but often the latter is used for a refreshment counter and small tables are made available for diners in the living room. In this case, you'll cover the dining table with an attractive cloth and, if you like, add candles and flowers as you would for a formal affair. The other items are then laid out in the most logical and convenient order: first a stack of napkins (paper or cloth), then a pile of capacious plates, then the flatware in orderly groups, and then the main course (a covered casserole is ideal) with the serving implements on the right side. Each guest can easily pick up a napkin and plate in his left hand, put the flat silver on the plate with his right, and then proceed to serve himself from the casserole. Salad or dessert is stationed farther on along the table, with its own plates and spoons on the left and its serving spoon to the right. Celery, olives, rolls, and any other extras are put on the table at the last moment, as are all the dishes that are supposed to be hot or chilled; beverages are usually arranged at the extreme right or at a second, smaller table. Have good-sized reserve supplies for this type of service, for hungry guests must feel welcome to return to the buffet and replenish their plates!

Easier to serve than a buffet, and just as informal and sociable, is a tray supper. Each individual tray is set up in the kitchen, exactly as though it were a place-setting at a table, except that a serving of the main-course dish appears in the center. It's fun to fix up a set of these party trays (have a matching set of inexpensive but spacious ones if you can) with harmonizing tray cloths, napkins, and china. Paper cloths and napkins are entirely appropriate, and you can make delightful mats yourself by cutting out squares or circles of bright, glazed shelf paper with a pair of pinking shears.

A first course, unless it's something simple, like a small glass of tomato juice, is best omitted, and the tray will hold the main course, bread, beverages, and possibly even a nonperishable dessert such as pastry or cake. In arranging the silverware, you just follow the standard rules for place-settings at table.

As you can see, setting up and serving a delightful meal is largely a matter of good sense and good taste, and the rules are adaptable to the conditions of the household. What you want to achieve is minimum interference with the diner's enjoyment of the comestibles and the conversation—so plan to have the service simple enough so you can cope with it calmly, smoothly, unobtrusively. Don't attempt elaborate, unfamiliar effects that you may not be able to carry off. Think everything out in advance and then, when the time arrives, there will be nothing to fuss or fume about. Take it easy, make it breezy—and *bon appetit!*

DO'S AND DON'TS FOR SMART SETTING

DO

Dream up as pretty a color scheme for your table as you do for your duds. Color is an "appetizer."

Be prepared, both in fact and fancy, for minor mishaps. Keep on hand an extra serving or two, a damp cloth, and a sense of humor.

For a party, stick to tried-and-true recipes, and allow enough time for preparations so that you're ready and relaxed when guests turn up. Choose plates of generous size so food can't slide off. For hot dishes, be sure plates have been warmed.

Have linen or other covering crisp and absolutely spotless; silver and glassware gleaming.

Offer food without any comment, explanation, or apology—no matter what happens. Give your guests their cue by picking up the proper utensil and starting to eat as soon as everyone has been served.

DON'T

Omit flowers—or at least some sort of decoration—to give your dinner a festive touch. And don't forget that candles make inviting lighting.

Worry. And if you do, don't show it. In other words, don't make your guests nervous or uncomfortable.

Encourage every guest who wants to help serve. Too many amateurs will snarl up the well-planned act, but one or two rehearsed friends can help things run smoothly.

Use flimsy paper plates for hot, heavy foods, or shallow dishes for soupy ones.

Bring anything to the table in its commercial container, with the label showing. Transfer condiments to serving dishes.

Insist on serving extra helpings. Each dish should be offered twice at the most, and no one should be urged or coaxed.

Remove plates till you're sure that everyone has finished, and don't serve the next course till all the used utensils from the previous course are removed.

THE END

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Jokes

HARD TO TELL

SHE: The two things I can cook best are apple dumplings and meat loaf.

HE: Which one is this?

Sent by PHYLLIS PAWLOWSKI, Buffalo, New York

KNOTHOLES

LOU: Daddy, what are those holes in the wood?

DADDY: They're knotholes.

LOU: But, Daddy, if they're not holes, what are they?

Sent by JO ANN CARROLL, Stephenson, Michigan

TOO SIMPLE

PROFESSOR: I would like a preparation of allyl isothiocyanate.

DRUG CLERK: Do you mean mustard oil?

PROFESSOR: Yes, I never can think of that name.

Sent by CAROL ANN BENSON, Brookings, Oregon

MATES

JOE: That's a funny pair of socks you're wearing, John. One of them is green and one's red.

JOHN: Yes, and strangely enough, I have another pair just like them at home.

Sent by NITA KAY WERLEY, Wichita Falls, Texas

DESIRE

"By the way, sir," asked the waiter, "how would you like your steak?"

"Very much indeed," answered the man who had been waiting a half hour.

Sent by EUGENE MURPHY, San Francisco, California

COLORFUL

"What's black when you buy it, red when you use it, and white when you throw it away?"

"I don't know, what?"

"Coal."

Sent by ROBERTA BALSTON, Seattle, Washington

TIME TO STOP

Little Nancy was having her first piano lesson. After discovering the pedals, she solemnly asked, "When do I put on the brakes?"

Sent by MARLENE PAINE, Maryville, Tennessee

LOCAL CUSTOM

STRANGER: Only twelve o'clock? I thought it was more than that.

NATIVE: Around here stranger, that's all it ever gets. Then we start all over again.

Sent by MARLENE HOOPES, Rexburg, Idaho

ZZZZZZZ

DAD: Why did you wake me out of a sound sleep?

SON: The sound was too loud.

Sent by MARJORIE PAGER, Whitewood, South Dakota

NO INSPIRATION

BIG SISTER: How are you getting along in art class?

LITTLE SISTER: Fine, but I wish I had a smarter teacher. Today I drew a horse, and she didn't even know what it was.

Sent by NANCY CARLSTON, New Rochelle, New York

LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"But what you just told me is the secret I told you last week—and you promised not to repeat it."

REALITY

PETE: What is the hardest thing about learning to skate?

PAT: The ice, when you come right down to it.

Sent by JANE HARRIS, Columbus, Indiana

DILEMMA

JOHNNY: Mother, I can't—

MOTHER: John, never say you can't. Nothing is impossible if you try.

JOHNNY: Okay, then, you come and put the tooth paste back in the tube for me.

Sent by SHARON LEE SCHERER, Shakopee, Minnesota

FOR INSTANCE

TEACHER: Can you give the class an example of wasted effort?

STUDENT: Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man.

Sent by KAY STEELE, Keyser, West Virginia

STILL IS

TEACHER: What was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered?

PUPIL: Australia.

Sent by MARYAN WILSON, Washington, D. C.

GREAT ART

SCHOOLTEACHER: With a single stroke of his brush, Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning one.

SMALL BOY: So can my mother.

Sent by PAMELA HAGEN, Ipswich, South Dakota

POINT OF VIEW

SON: Father, is a ton of coal very much?

FATHER: That all depends on whether you're shoveling it or burning it.

Sent by MARIE BALDAUF, Memphis, Tennessee

CHAWING

PROFESSOR: What is the most common impediment in speech of the American people?

FRESHMAN: Chewing gum!

Sent by PHYLLIS BIEGEL, Omaha, Nebraska

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

Our December Prize Purchase is at the Following Stores

Shown on page 19

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Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
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Indianapolis, Ind.	H. P. Wasson
Lahighon, Pa.	Cohen's Dept. Store
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Baker Co.
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
New York, N. Y.	McCreery's
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbel Bros.

Portsmouth, Va.	Sears, Betty & Bob
Providence, R. I.	Gladding's
Roanoke, Va.	Heironimus
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman
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Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.
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Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop

ON OUR DECEMBER COVER

Pretty Mary Hardig shares honors on our December cover with Rusty, a dear little cocker spaniel puppy. Rusty loved having his picture taken but he got a bit nervous, the thing that upset him most being the rustling of the red ribbon in his ears. After a merry chase around the photographer's studio, the bow was finally tied and to quote Mary, "Rusty was good as gold."

Mary is wearing an angora sweater by Shepherd, pearls by Coro, and Liberty Red Lipstick by Seventeen Cosmetics.



Answers to Puzzle on Pooches on page 32

1. Schnauzer—A heavy-set, muscular terrier, he originated in Germany. He is lively and intelligent, with V-shaped ears, carried high in excitement. The schnauzer's snout is blunt and heavily whiskered, and his close-fitting jaws cover strongly developed white fangs. A wiry-coated dog, of black-and-tan mixture or salt-and-pepper, he is a powerful opponent and a trusty companion. "Standard" schnauzers are from seventeen to nineteen inches tall, while "miniatures" must be under thirteen inches in height.

2. Wire-Haired Fox Terrier—This breed, which originated in England in the nineteenth century, is marked by a cheerful, glad-to-be-alive disposition that—along with its smart appearance—caused it to be chosen one of the most popular in America in the 1930's. Chiefly white, with black-and-tan markings, the wire-haired has well-balanced lines, a keen nose, and deep-set eyes. The jaw, deep and foxlike under the square beard, enables him to dig out small, destructive animals such as rats and weasels.

3. Irish Setter—Recognized by his beautiful mahogany-tan coat, the Irish setter is affectionate, proud, and well-mannered. He has a feathered tail and forelegs, generous ears, a long, oval skull, and an expression of unusual understanding. Like other setters, he is used in bird hunting—first pointing the game, and then "freezing" until the hunter approaches and shoots the game. Moving with effortless grace, he stands high enough to be visible to the hunter above the cover in which he works.

4. Boston Terrier—This lively, popular little dog—a mixture of bull and terrier—originated in Boston in 1870. His markings are

chiefly dark brindle with white relief; he has pointed ears, a short, smooth coat, and a short tail. Bright and playful, his wide legs, short face, and deep jaws reveal his bulldog ancestry. In dog shows you will probably find the Boston terrier judged according to weight in three classes, the middle class weighing from twelve to seventeen pounds.

5. Boxer—A terrier with a bulldog character, this German dog is one of the most popular breeds today. He has a short, level back, sloping shoulders, a wide chest, and a short coat which is easily kept in glossy condition. His muzzle, shading to black, gives him a somber expression. A dignified, not unfriendly, animal, he is fierce when aroused. He is an alert watchman, cheerful companion, and a fine ratter.

6. Doberman Pinscher—Developed in Germany from the Manchester terrier by Herr Doberman in about 1890, this dog came to America in the gay nineties and has gained rapidly in popularity. He has a dignified personality, graceful carriage, and speed combined with hard strength. Superior intelligence has made him useful in police work, and clear vision and distinctive hearing make him a fine watchdog.

7. Bloodhound—Presumably brought to England at the time of the Norman conquest, this dog gets his name from the fact that he was first trained by hunters to trail wounded and bleeding animals. In our country he was widely used in searching for fugitive slaves and today, because of his remarkable ability to pick up a cold trail, he is often used to track escaped criminals. Contrary to his name, the bloodhound is one of the most gentle of all dogs and has a somewhat

morose and retiring disposition. The loose skin of the face and head hangs in furrowed wrinkles, giving him a very sad expression.

8. Afghan Hound—A remarkable jumper, this long-legged dog was used in hunting in the rugged hills of Afghanistan. Built like a racing dog of the greyhound type, the Afghan is the only hound with feathered legs and long hair on his tail, feet, ears, and throat. Fawn-colored, with small, close-set eyes, he stands twenty-four inches at the shoulder; but, because of his graceful head carried high on a strong neck, he seems taller.

9. Welsh Corgi—This small dog, mentioned in history as far back as A. D. 1000, originated in the remote districts of west Wales. Measuring some three feet from his nose to the tip of his tail, and built close to the ground, he has large, erect ears which give him an alert expression. The Corgi is farsighted, has an excellent sense of smell, and a close coat which he cleans as a cat does. The Welsh use this fearless and devoted little dog as a farmyard sentinel and for driving cattle and ponies.

10. English Bulldog—It takes a great deal of rough treatment to ruffle the temper of this friendly companion, yet in battle he seems insensible to pain. He has a thick neck, bowed legs, a long lower jaw; his nostrils are so placed that he can hang on to an opponent without having any difficulty in breathing. For hundreds of years, the English bred the bulldog for bull and bear baiting, and for dog fighting. These sports have been illegal for over a hundred years, and today he is the British mascot.

THE END

In Step with the Times



by Lloyd Weldon

Animal Census

Can you imagine a census of all the wild animals in the country? When Dr. H. H. T. Jackson, chief of the biological surveys division of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, first suggested in 1938 that the government sponsor a "snout count," he was laughed at. How could animals which dodge into burrows, hide beneath brush, and rove over hundreds of miles of forest and plain stand up and be counted? Dr. Jackson drew up his plans. Reports were to be sent in by rangers, campers, naturalists, farmers, hunters—anyone who lived in the wide-open spaces. They were to count the animals around water holes and at salt licks. Thousands of animals were to be counted by low-flying planes; others perhaps by helicopter-flying census takers.

There are fifteen species that the Wildlife Service can count, and after ten annual counts, they find a surprising consistency in their figures. Dr. Jackson has come to the conclusion, from a study of the available statistics, that since the arrival of the white man in America, the number of wild animals has increased rather than decreased. For example, in the same "Hungry Creek" in Idaho where Lewis and Clark had to kill their horses to survive, a wild-life counter saw elk, moose, mountain goats, black bear, and mule deer. Where the Hudson's Bay Company had found Indians starving to death in 1827 in Oregon, mule deer and prong-horned antelope were counted. Dr. Jackson also believes that the animal population lives and dies in cycles. Early in the nineteenth century almost every explorer wrote of a game shortage; yet in 1860 United States cavalry regiments found plenty of game. In 1900, settlers in the northwestern part of the United States couldn't find a wild animal; but today there are almost more than can be counted.

It is hoped that the annual wild-life count will make it possible to insure plenty of game all the time. Local game laws can forbid hunting in certain areas during low cycles and permit it when game is plentiful.

Marble City

The sidewalks are of dazzling, pure-white marble—little clapboard homes have foundations made of marble—the butcher chops his meat on a marble slab—and housewives preserve their butter, milk, and eggs in marble cellars! Where? In Proctor, Vermont, where seventy per cent of all the marble used in our public buildings is quarried.

Though the industry started with the

making of tombstones, the Proctor quarries have grown to be the largest in the country. Leftovers from commercial marble have made the town one of the most unusual and definitely the most fireproof in America.

Although the Greeks began using marble columns long before the Christian era, and the Romans used it to face the walls of their temples and as seats in their amphitheatres, in later times it did not come into wide use until the coming of railroads and of electric derricks and cranes. Fifty years ago the Vermont quarries were operated by ox team, and one hundred years ago, no

pieces are cut from the ground by machine and chopped into smaller pieces by power chisels, only a man who really understands marble can, by expert cutting and polishing, bring out the true color and grain that give the stone its classic, timeless beauty.

To display its merchandise properly, the Vermont Marble Company has set up a showroom of marble screens, floors, mantels, doorways, garden furniture, and tombstones. More than fifty kinds of marble, in white, red, green, blue, and black are shown. The exhibit has become a favorite tourist spot.

Time on Their Hands

Have you ever wondered who checks on the big tower clock in your town to be sure it is telling the right time? Mr. Walter Humphrey is one of six men who install, maintain, and set timepieces, many of them tower clocks, in forty-two States. Each of the men travels about sixty thousand miles a year for Howard Clock Sales and Service Corporation in New York. Since 1842 this company has been manufacturing and installing tower clocks, one of the oldest being the courthouse clock at Vicksburg, Mississippi. It dates back to 1850 and has never needed major repairs.

Mr. Humphrey, a veteran of World War I, learned his trade in England and once was in charge of keeping Big Ben in condition. Twice each year, for twenty-eight years, he has been adjusting the hands of two hundred of New York's big clocks to daylight saving and back to standard time.

Another of the men, Gustav Lindblad, learned clock repairing in Sweden. He has been with the company for fifty-two of his seventy-two years and is now training his grandson, Robert Ramsey, as an apprentice. The president of the firm, Rudolph Lamm, started "making things tick" when he went to sea as an electrician in his youth. All of the men are skilled mechanics and electricians.

Sleet and high winds are a constant hazard to tower clocks, throwing them off their customary accuracy. Birds, too, often give the clock men a lot of trouble. They like to build their nests in the works. Yet the clocks are usually correct within ten seconds a month!

Most of the clock repairmen got into their jobs accidentally when they were looking for skilled mechanical jobs. But, once in, they found that "clocks get into your system." One of them says, "It's fascinating work, and you never get bored. It gets interesting that time means nothing to you."

THE END

FAMOUS FEMININE FIRSTS

Twenty-five years ago last month, the first woman governor was elected. She was Nellie Tayloe Ross, of Wyoming, who is now the first woman director of the U. S. Mint. See how many of these women you know who were also the first to hold offices customarily held by men:

1. First woman cabinet member
2. First woman senator elected to full term
3. First woman Treasurer of the United States
4. First American woman delegate to the U. N.

ANSWERS

1. Frances Perkins
2. Margaret Chase Smith
3. Georgia Neese Clark
4. Eleanor Roosevelt

large pieces of marble were cut, because they could not be shipped away.

Today's annual output of marble, after it is hand-polished, is valued at seventy-five million dollars. Most of it is used in such buildings as the U. S. Supreme Court Building in Washington, D. C., the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings in New York City, and in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, as well as in our most famous statues.

Vermonters discovered marble before anyone else in the country—huge ledges of it, melted and squeezed together millions of years ago while the earth was still forming. The supply seems limitless, but if Vermont quarries ever are exhausted, more is available in the Rocky Mountains.

Most of the men who work in the quarries are native Vermonters—members of families that have quarried marble for generations. But some, like Andrew Baccei, whose family were stoneworkers in Italy for years, learned their trade elsewhere. It takes many years of apprenticeship to become an experienced craftsman. For, although the large



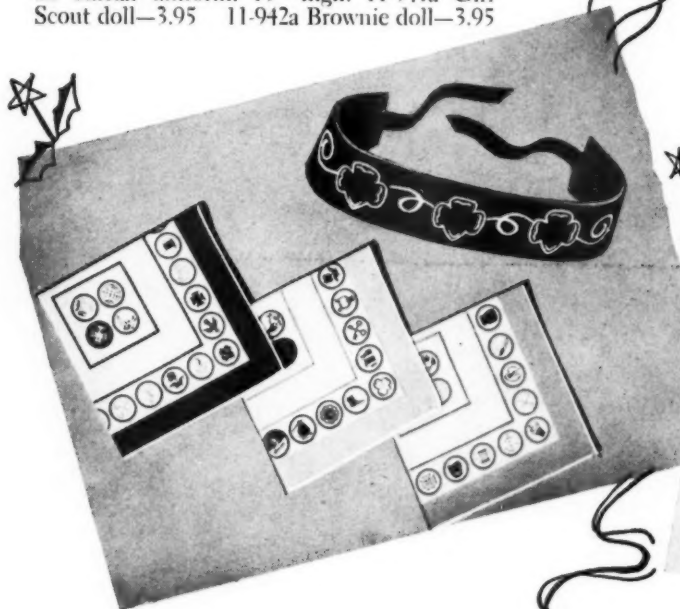
Holiday Heaven

... all the perfect Christmas gifts you could wish for!

Out of a Yuletide dream . . . the life-like Girl Scout and Brownie dolls steal a girl's heart! Soft bodies, blonde hair, and heads that turn. In official uniform. 13" high. 11-941a Girl Scout doll—3.95 11-942a Brownie doll—3.95



A beautifully soft rayon headscarf to keep locks in place. Washable 30" square. Green design on yellow, pale green or white. 8-526a—1.00

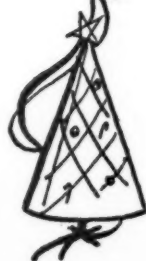


The charming, green felt headband makes a fitting halo for a certain angel on your list! Scroll design flocked in orange and white. Generous ends tie under hair. 11-647a—.20

Adorable print handkerchiefs lend wings of color to pockets! Soft white lawn adorned with proficiency badges marching 'round in rows. Borders are real eye-catchers in: 8-919a Red; 8-920a Yellow; 8-921a Green. Each—.25



Divinely clever! The stunning six-in-one purse in handsome green lizardgator has bill compartment, snapshot and card sections, mirror and coin rack. Slit in back for belt wear. 11-620a—1.50 (Incl. tax)



Order from—
Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.
National Equipment Service
155 E. 44 St., New York 17
1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3
245 Mission St., San Francisco 5



*Is your budget mad at
your Christmas list?*

**(LET YOUR SINGER SEWING CENTER
SETTLE THE FUSS!)**

YOU'RE bulging with Yuletide spirit, your Christmas list is as long as the telephone book. But every time you get a bright gift idea, your budget grows "NO!"

Don't try to referee—just fly to your SINGER SEWING CENTER. There you'll find some nifty ideas for presents, at prices to please even the most crotchety budget.



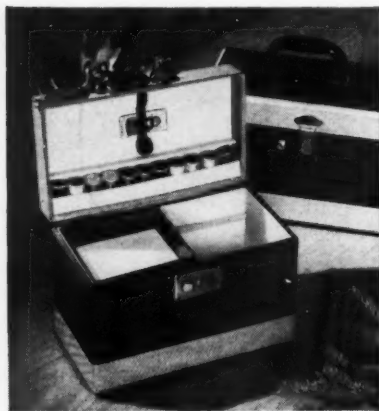
Snip-it Equipment: Good scissors save valuable hours. Pinking shears \$9.45, 3-scissor set in vinylite case \$8.95, 2-scissor kit \$5.95, buttonhole scissors \$3.25.



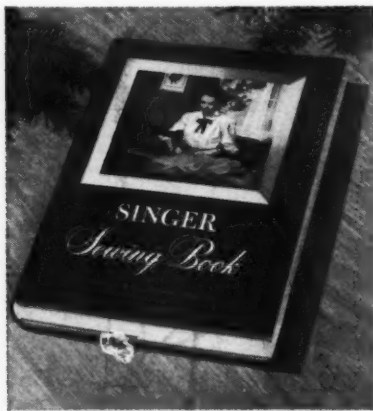
Stitching Helps: SINGER* attachments to turn out neat finishes. Buttonhole attachment with "stripper foot" \$9.95, zig-zagger \$1.35, zipper foot \$.75.



Handy Sewing Helpmates: All-metal rack for spools of thread, \$1.95. Sewing kits, \$1.49 and \$2.50. Pincushion and a stocking and glove darning, under 50¢.



Carry-all for Smart Seamstresses: Good-looking two-toned simulated-leather sewing box with plastic handle. Fitted with basic sewing tools. \$4.95.



For Sewing Know-how: New SINGER Sewing Book—a guide for home sewing. Chapters on dressmaking, draperies, slip covers. Over 1000 illustrations. \$3.95.

*Don't forget your own
Christmas list!*

A hint to the family might bring you a course of wonderful SINGER sewing lessons. If a hint won't do it, try these selling points:

On Mother She's always wanted you to learn to sew—here's your chance to learn the *right* way! And you make a slick new dress while you're at it.

On Dad He's always talking about the expense of clothing a daughter. Remind him that, with SINGER Sewing lessons, you can learn to sew your own and slash clothes costs in half!



SINGER SEWING CENTERS

There's one near you to serve you

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